

The



TATLER

& BYSTANDER



OCT. 10, 1956
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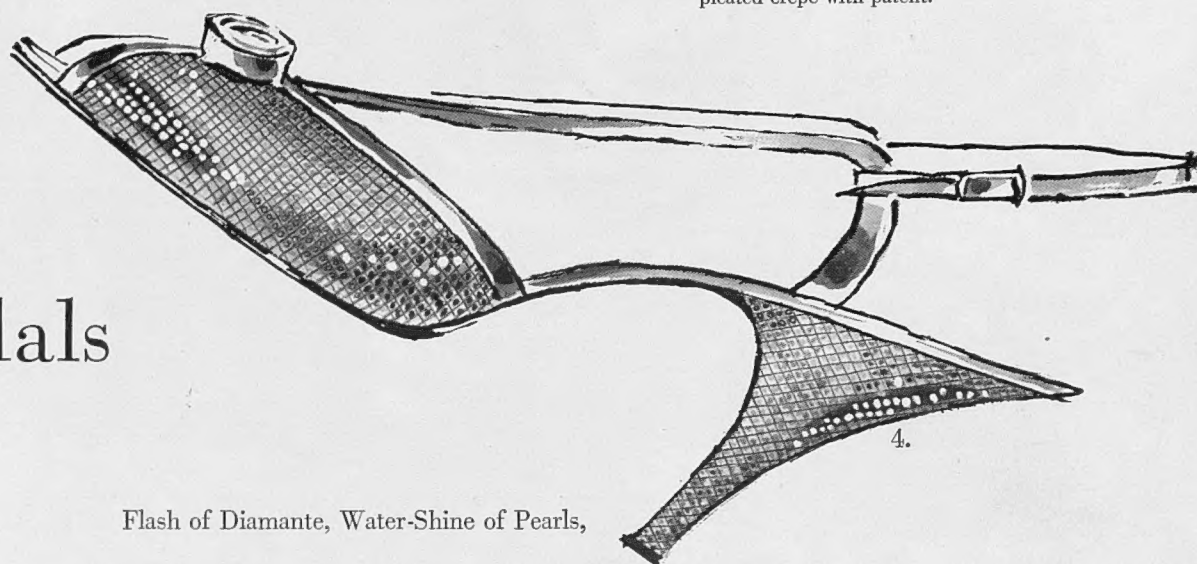
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A, B and C fittings in gunmetal etoile with kid trim; biscuit gold etoile with parchment; multicolour lurex with black suede; black pleated crepe with patent.

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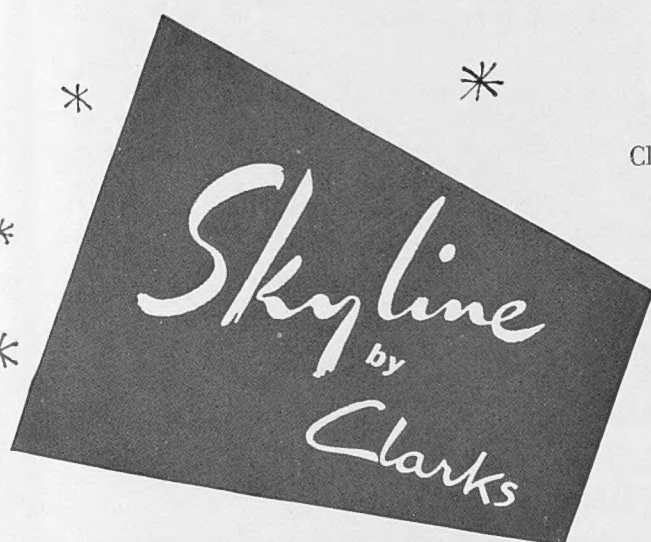
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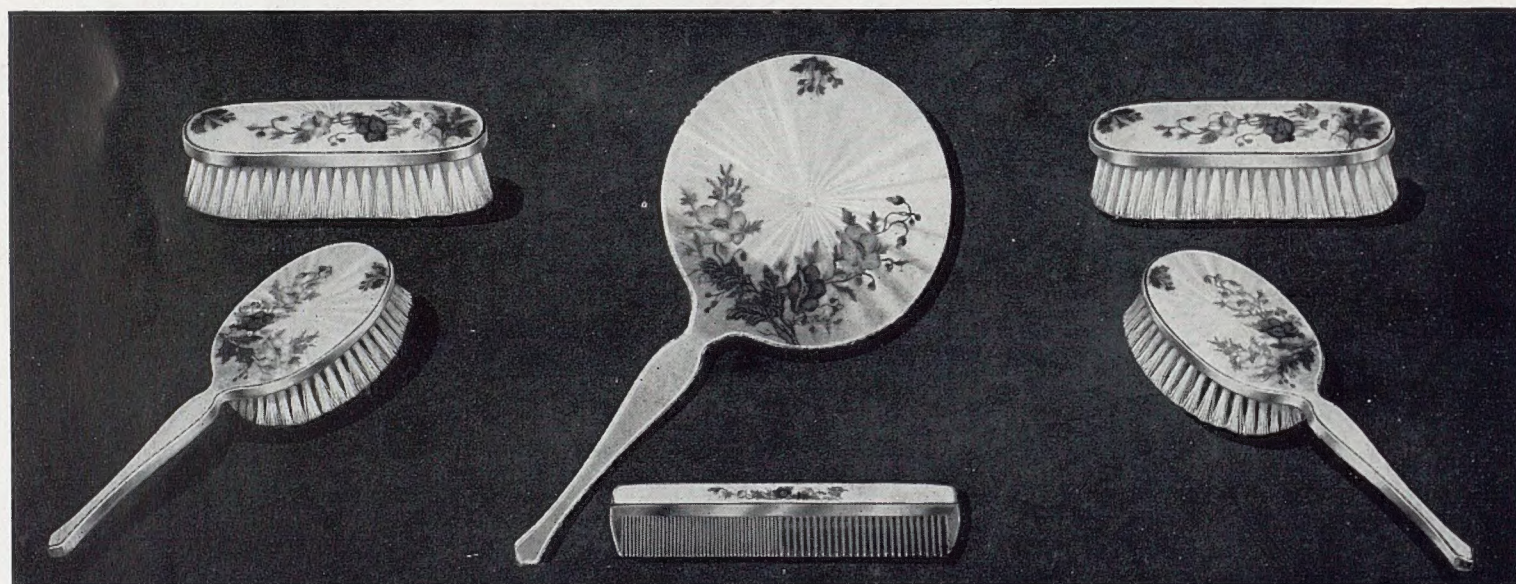


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West
African
Persian
Lamb





La Vicomtesse
by Wilbrens of Guiseley



Yevonde

MISS SHIRLEY BOWDEN, whose photograph appears on the cover of *The Tatler* this week, is one of the twin daughters of Mr. J. K. Bowden, of Exeter, Devon, and of Mrs. D. Logan. Miss Bowden announced her engagement last July to Mr. Trevor Guy, who is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Guy, of Sauchieleeigh, Albrighton, Shropshire. Mr. Guy and Miss Bowden are making plans to get married in December this year

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 10 to October 17

Oct. 10 (Wed.) The Queen will be present on the second day of the Horse of the Year Show (ends Oct. 13).

Athletics: London Clubs' Floodlit Athletic Match, London v. Budapest, at the White City.

World and British Ploughing Championships at Shillingford, near Oxford (to 12th).

Racing at York and Lingfield Park.

Oct. 11 (Thurs.) The Duchess of Gloucester will attend the ladies' dinner of the Fan-Makers' Company at the Skinners Hall.

The Conservative Conference opens at Llandudno (to 13th).

Racing at Lingfield Park and York and Steeplechasing at Wincanton.

Oct. 12 (Fri.) The Duke of Gloucester will attend the final day of the world ploughing contest at Shillingford.

First Night: Hugh Williams in *Plaintiff In A Pretty Hat* at the Duchess Theatre.

Honourable Artillery Company Banquet at Artillery House.

Dance: Mrs. Scobie Gilmer and Mrs. Robert Fender for their daughters, Miss Belinda Gilmer and Miss Fiona Fender, at Knebworth House, Hertfordshire.

Racing at Ascot Heath.

Oct. 13 (Sat.) Athletics: London to Brighton Relay Race.

Richmond Championship Dog Show, Olympia, London.

Racing at Ascot Heath, Redcar, Warwick, and steeplechasing at Huntingdon, Taunton, Wetherby and Ayr.

Oct. 14 (Sun.)

Oct. 15 (Mon.) London Nursing Exhibition and Conference, Seymour Hall, London (to 19th).

Exhibition of Painting at the Royal Institute Galleries.

Dance: Mrs. Eric Dugdale for her daughter, Miss Caroline Dugdale, in London.

Racing at Warwick and steeplechasing at Ayr, Plumpton, and Southwell.

Oct. 16 (Tues.) Golf: Gleneagles-Saxone Amateur-Professional Foursomes (to 18th), Gleneagles.

Newmarket Second October Sales (to 19th).

Dance: Mrs. A. R. B. Owen for her daughter, Miss Mairi Owen, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newmarket, Second October Meeting (to 19th).

Oct. 17 (Wed.) International Motor Show (to 27th), Earl's Court, London.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Show (to 19th), Balmoral, Belfast.

Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Show, St. Helier, Jersey.

Association Football: England v. France (under 23), at Wembley.

British Schools Exploring Society Dinner and Ball at the Savoy Hotel.

XI Hussars Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newmarket (Cesarewitch) and steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

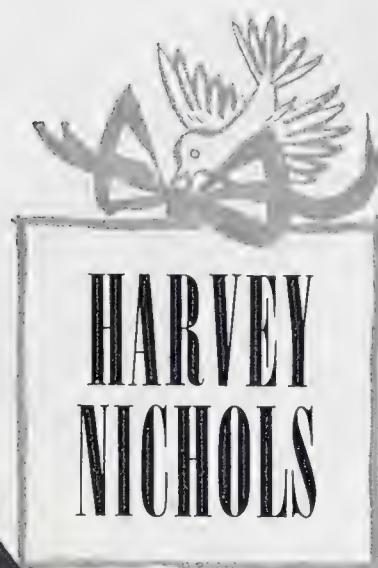
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Gay, pretty way to dress for parties when there's a baby on the way. Skilfully cut coolie coat in wool jersey, crisply mounted on taffeta, boldly scrolled and beaded. Royal, cerise, jade or beige, all with black. Sizes 12-16
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Another beautiful Cashmere by *Ballantyne* 
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His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent

PRINCE EDWARD GEORGE NICHOLAS PAUL PATRICK, the second Duke of Kent, succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the first Duke, in an air accident in 1942. This new portrait of him, by Tony Armstrong Jones, marks the

occasion of his coming of age yesterday. Educated at Eton, in Switzerland, and at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, the Duke is now a subaltern in the Royal Scots Greys. He lives with his mother at Kensington Palace and Coppins, Iver, Bucks



Miss Susan Shakerley and Mr. Peter Hutchinson who was celebrating his twenty-first birthday



Miss Jean Gomme Duncan who shared the dance seated in a carriage used by Queen Victoria

Miss Caroline Wilson, Mr. Michael Walker, Miss Claire Mount, and Mr. Robin Hoyer Millar

A PERTSHIRE COMING-OF-AGE AND DÉBUTANTE DANCE

FOR MR. PETER HUTCHINSON
AND MISS JEAN GOMME DUNCAN

A JOINT dance was held at Rossie House, Fergandenny, Perthshire, the home of Sir James and Lady Hutchinson, to celebrate the coming-of-age of their son Mr. Peter Hutchinson, and for Miss Jean Gomme Duncan who was a débutante this year. She is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Alan Gomme Duncan of House of Dunbarney, Bridge of Earn. Sir James is the Conservative M.P. for Glasgow and Col. Gomme Duncan the Conservative Member for Perth. The very enjoyable event was attended by a large number of young people who were also in Scotland for the popular Perth Hunt Meeting



M. G. de Lafond, Miss J. Weatherspoon, Mr. C. Mackintosh

Mr. P. Wolridge Gordon, Miss S. Matheson and Miss M. Illingworth



Miss Jane Colville and her fiance Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bt.



Mr. Alick Rankin and Miss Susan Dewhurst were among the guests



Lady Malvina Murray and Mr. Robin Hill



Miss Cynthia Walker and Mr. Shane Summers



Miss Caroline Clive and Mr. Jeremy Dewhurst



Miss Margaret McNaughton and Mr. David Landale



Miss Damaris Jarrétt and Mr. Bobbie McIntyre

GRANDSON OF TWO EARLS

THE HON. GILBERT Timothy George Lariston Elliot-Murray-Kynynmound is the son of Viscount and Viscountess Melgund; he will be three in December. His father is the son and heir of the Earl of Minto, and his mother the daughter of the 9th Earl of Jersey



Clayton Evans

Social Journal

Jennifer

THOUSAND-GUEST WEDDING

THERE was a truly romantic air about the marriage of the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P., younger son of the late Lord Lovat and Laura Lady Lovat, to the Hon. Antonia Pakenham, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Pakenham. The tall, good looking bridegroom was a magnificent figure wearing full Highland dress with the kilt of the Fraser tartan, as was his brother Lord Lovat, equally tall and good looking, who was best man.

The bride, a lovely girl, looked enchanting. She had chosen a Renaissance style gown of white organza with a fitting satin bodice edged with pearls around the boat shaped neckline; the long and very full organza sleeves with frilled cuffs were trimmed with twisted ropes of pearls and the full skirt fell into a long train. Her long tulle veil embroidered with pearls was held in place by a pearl headdress. The ceremony which was very beautiful, with glorious music, took place at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory, Warwick Street, where Monsignor Ronald Knox officiated, assisted by Abbé Delvaux. The Nuptial High Mass was celebrated by Father Philip Caraman, S.J., in the presence of Archbishop Matthew. As the bride and bridegroom left the church the bridegroom's eleven-year-old nephew, the Hon. Kim Fraser, piped them to their car in a very professional manner.

THE reception was held at the Fishmongers Hall, one of the most magnificent livery company halls in the City of London. Even with these vast rooms and the wide double staircase there was quite a crush as around a thousand friends and relations came to wish the young couple every happiness. They certainly radiated happiness themselves as they stood with the bride's parents, Lord and Lady Pakenham, the latter very youthful and elegant in a lovely dress of peacock blue printed silk and little velvet hat to match, and the bridegroom's brother, Lord Lovat, who was in tremendous form greeting friends. The whole atmosphere was one of a big family party and great happiness. The bridegroom's mother, Laura Lady Lovat, was there, sitting talking to a succession of friends, as

also was his sister-in-law, Lady Lovat, and other members of her young family who number eight. This includes her son Kim who was so competent on his bagpipes. I saw the bridegroom's tall, good looking sister, the Countess of Eldon, who wore a dark green velvet coat and a plumed hat to match. She was accompanied by the Earl of Eldon and their two sons, Viscount Encombe and the Hon. Simon Scott.

The bride's seven brothers and sisters were there to hear the bride and bridegroom's health proposed by his brother-in-law, Brig. Fitzroy Maclean, M.P. for the Lancaster Division, and by Earl Attlee who added that it was one of the prettiest weddings he had ever attended. I met Countess Attlee looking very nice in light blue and white and the Countess of Hardwicke so good looking and very chic in a gaily printed silk dress. Her eldest daughter Lady Amabel Lindsay was there in black and her second daughter, nine-year-old Lady Victoria Yorke, was thoroughly enjoying meeting many young friends.

SEVERAL members of the diplomatic corps were present including the German Ambassador, Herr von Herwarth, while among Members of Parliament I noticed in the big throng were Sir William Teeling, Mr. Duncan Sandys, who was having a long talk to Lady Pamela Berry, Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Mr. Christopher Soames who was talking to Sir Robert Boothby near the stairs. Lady Churchill, her daughters, Mrs. Duncan Sandys and Mrs. Christopher Soames, were both at the wedding, as well as Capt. Soames's mother, Lady Dynevor very soignée in navy blue and white, with Lord Dynevor, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava in a striking flame-red organza blouse and black skirt sitting talking to Miss Olga Lyn and the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett who was returning to Ireland the following day. I met Countess Ferrers, a girlhood friend of the bride (who is god-mother to Lady Ferrers's five-year-old son Viscount Tamworth), her very attractive sister, the Marchioness of Lothian, and Mrs. Gerald Constable-Maxwell and her three charming daughters and son-in-law Lt.-Col. the Hon. Miles and Mrs. Fitzalan Howard who have just moved into their new home in Hampshire, Miss Diana Constable-Maxwell and Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell.

It was a great disappointment to W/Cdr. Gerald Constable-Maxwell that he could not be at his cousin's wedding (he was suffering from shingles) especially as this year he is Prime Warden of the Fishmongers Company and had quite a lot to do with the reception being held at Fishmongers Hall. I met four of his brothers, Mr. Ian Constable-Maxwell and his daughter Jeanette, Mr. David Constable-Maxwell, who was there with his family, Mr. Andrew Constable-Maxwell accompanied by his attractive wife, who told me he was off next day to Brussels and Belgrade, the youngest of the family, W/Cdr. Michael Constable-Maxwell, and Mrs. Foster who is one of their sisters.

Guests were able to admire the fine portrait of the Queen by Pietro Annigoni, which is now perfectly hung in the drawing-room of the Fishmongers Hall. Here I saw Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham, the latter lovely in black, Lady d'Avidgor-Goldsmid, wearing a pink hat with her black dress, accompanied by her two teenage daughters, the Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby Gore, and their Etonian son Julian who was returning to school that evening, Viscountess Lambton, very gay in a flame-coloured print dress, Lady Sykes, in contrast, wearing a tailored suiting coat and skirt, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, and the Hon. Max Aitken and his wife who looked very pretty in black with a white furry hat. They were talking to Mrs. Rosie Clyde whose elder daughter Gail will be a *débutante* next season.

ON top of the square, three-tiered wedding cake was a model of the Houses of Parliament in icing sugar. It stood at one end of the banquetting hall where lovely garden flowers and shrubs had been arranged as in the other rooms. Here among guests were Lord and Lady Melchett, still very tanned from their stay in Majorca where they had lived in a villa this summer. Lady Melchett looking very smart in one of the new cossack-shaped hats made of feathers. Also present were Lady Kil'earn, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, the Hon. Mrs. Cripps, Lord and Lady Grantley, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, very chic in beige, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferral, Mrs. Frankie More O'Ferral, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and her daughter Lady Naylor-Leyland, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand, the Countess of Westmorland, Lady Hesketh, Viscountess Gough, the Countess of Jellicoe conversing with Mr. John Foster, Q.C., Mrs. Peter Laycock, the Hon. Mrs. Roger

Mostyn, Mrs. Macdonald Hastings, Mrs. Ian Fleming, Mr. Francis Dashwood and many more friends and relations I have not space to mention.

As the bride and bridegroom came down the wide staircase and through the hall where hundreds of friends were waiting to cheer them off to their honeymoon, which is being spent in Spain, they were preceded by young Kim Fraser again playing the gayest airs on his pipes until the car drove away.

★ ★ ★

THERE is no doubt that one day the name of Eric Heidsieck will be among the very famous names in music. I first heard this brilliant young pianist play at a musical soiree his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heidsieck, gave in the River Room at the Savoy nearly two years ago. On this occasion guests present, who included knowledgeable friends in the world of music, were ecstatic in their praise of his art. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire and his command—the tone and sympathy of his playing—was incredible for such a young man. His next visit to London was last April for his first public appearance in this country, when he gave a very successful recital at the Wigmore Hall. At the very end of last month Eric Heidsieck, now only twenty years old, came to England again, this time as the soloist with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Royalton Kisch at the Festival Hall. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto and gave a wonderful performance. Young Eric Heidsieck is a true musician; the piano is his love and life, and one day I think we will find him at the head of his profession.

★ ★ ★

SENHOR Samuel de Souza-Leão Gracie, and his charming wife, Dona Miriam de Souza-Leão Gracie, who have made a host of English friends during the four years he has been Brazilian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, will be very sadly missed when they leave for home in the middle of next month. And the same should be said for their two daughters, Veronica and Elizabeth who have helped their parents

[Continued overleaf]



HIGHLAND WEDDING IN LONDON

BOTH the bridegroom and the best man wore the kilt of the Fraser tartan when the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P. for Stafford and Stone, attended by his brother, Lord Lovat, married the Hon. Antonia Pakenham at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory, Warwick Street, W.1. The bridegroom is the son of the late Lord Lovat and of Laura Lady Lovat, of Hyde Park Mansions, London, N.W.1, and the bride is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Pakenham, of Cheyne Gardens, S.W.3, and Bernhurst, Hurst Green, Etchingham, Sussex. A reception was held at the Fishmongers Hall after the ceremony. This photograph of the wedding was taken by the bride's brother, the Hon. Thomas Pakenham

SUSSEX CELEBRATION

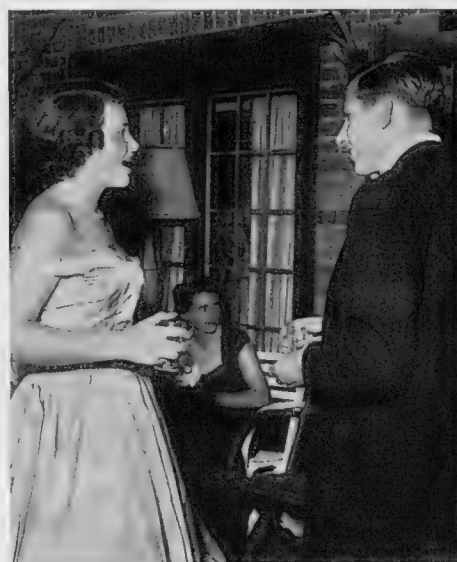
MRS. M. A. PRYOR and Mrs. G. E. Thubron gave a dance for their daughters Miss Penelope Pryor and Miss Carol Thubron (below) at The Gallops, near Ditchling, in Sussex, home of Mr. G. E. Thubron. The grounds, which in day-time have a fine view of the downs, were floodlit



Above, Mr. T. Elves and Miss M. Ellsworth-Jones. Below, Miss C. Thompson was with Mr. M. Buxton



Above, Mrs. R. Cannon, Miss J. Calvert and Mrs. J. Nugent. Below, Mr. A. Douglas-Bate and Miss P. Harmsworth



Van Hallan

to entertain at the fine embassy in Mount Street and have been a decorative and gay young pair among the diplomatic community. Over three hundred friends attended the farewell banquet given in their honour by the Anglo-Brazilian Society and the Brazilian Chamber of Commerce and Economic Affairs in Great Britain at the Dorchester Hotel.

Among these were the Cuban Ambassador, Senor Roberto de Mendoza y de la Torre, and the Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Pedro Pereira, two outstandingly popular and respected personalities. Also present were the Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons, the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, Viscount Kemsley, Lord Remnant, the President of the Hispanic and Luso Brazilian Councils, Viscount Davidson and Viscountess Davidson, M.P., Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., Sir Geoffrey Harrison, our Ambassador designate to Brazil, and Lady Harrison and Mr. Marcus Cheke, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke.

SIR DONALD GAINER, chairman of the Anglo-Brazilian Society, presided and at the end of dinner, after the Brazilian Ambassador, President of the Society, had proposed the health of the Queen, Sir Donald gave "The President of Brazil." The speeches were excellent and none of them too long winded! They began with a fine oration from Sir Arthur Evans, deputy President of the Society, who is an excellent speaker and knows Brazil and the South Americas really well. He was speaking on behalf of the Society. Like the other speakers he paid tribute to the great personality of Senhor de Souza-Leão Gracie and to the fine work he has done while he has been here. Lt.-Col. J. C. Muriel followed on behalf of the Brazilian Chamber of Commerce and Economic Affairs in Great Britain. Then His Excellency the Brazilian Ambassador replied with a charming speech. The guests were proposed by Sir Donald Gainer to which Mr. "Rab" Butler responded. Like the first speech, this was a very fine burst of eloquence. Mr. Butler spoke very sincerely, again paying tribute to Senhor de Souza-Leão Gracie and mentioned his work for The Hague Club, which

has been formed since he took up office, and has resulted in an increase in trade between our two countries. Brazil, he said, had been beside us in two world wars, and like ourselves stood for Peace with Honour.

As at any South American gathering the women present were outstandingly chic. Mme. de Souza-Leão Gracie looked very elegant in Paquin's lovely white velvet dress, embossed with red flowers. There was much white worn. Two women present I noticed looking charming in white were Senhora Dona Leal Castello-Branco, Filho, the lovely wife of the new Counsellor at the Brazilian Embassy, Senhor Antonio Leal Castello-Branco, Filho, and Lady Evans, wife of Sir Arthur Evans, who is accompanying her husband on a tour of South America in December.

Among others at this delightful farewell dinner were Lady Gainer, Mrs. Muriel, Mr. Isidore Kerman, Hon. Treasurer of the Anglo-Brazilian Society, Sir Neville Butler, Mrs. Maria-Louiza Arnold, a great and lovable personality among the South American community in London, Senhor Gastão Northman who has been at the Brazilian Embassy for many years, and his wife, Mrs. Alistair Cameron, Sir Gervais Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Mr. and Mrs. W. Walker-Leigh, Sir Herbert and Lady Cohen, and Brig. Hugh Crosland.

★ ★ ★

EARLIER in the evening I had looked in at the wine tasting party for members of the Diplomatic Corps which John Harvey & Sons gave in their London cellars in King Street. Harveys, who date back to 1796 in Bristol, have, of course, been for many years famous for their sherries, including their Bristol Cream; they also have a very high reputation for their table wines. These were cleverly arranged on two long tables, the white one side of the room and the red the other. Among the white Burgundies was an exquisite Beaune, Clos des Mouches 1953, which Mr. H. H. Waugh, one of the directors, told me is a great favourite in the Belgian royal cellars. Among the bottles of red Burgundy, I was interested to try Fleurie Cave Bernadot 1953 which the firm bought, as they always

do, at the time of the vintage. Since then this wine has won many prizes, including a gold medal in Paris. Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and a great connoisseur of good wines, was there, and the Vice-Marshal, Mr. Marcus Cheke. Also tasting the wines could be seen the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Dr. J. E. Holloway, the Agent-General for Alberta, Mr. R. M. McMuller, the Cuban Ambassador, Senor Roberto de Mendoza y de la Torre, H.E. Shri Rama Prasad Manandhar, the new Nepalese Ambassador, and his military attaché Major-General Sridhar S. J. B. Rana, Dr. Vittorio Schiazzana representing the Italian Ambassador, M. Belin of the French Embassy, Mons. Mäkelä of the Finnish Embassy and several other members of the diplomatic corps. One of the functions of a diplomat is to meet as many people as he can in any country. To do this he attends and gives a large number of parties with the object of "mixing" and of gathering contacts and knowledge. Therefore, all over the world there is diplomatic privilege and among other advantages it entitles the diplomat to obtain his wines, spirits and cigarettes duty free.

★ ★ ★

THE highlight of the recent Ascot Heath meeting was the race for the Queen Elizabeth II stakes on the final day. There were eleven starters for the event, which is worth over £6,000 to the winner, and as was feared by many English owners the first two places were filled by French-bred and owned horses, the Comte L. de Kerour's good Sayani filly Cigalon winning from M. M. Fabiani's Klairon. Lady Ursula Vernon's much fancied French-bred Hugh Lupus who started favourite finished third.

Brig. and Mrs. Willy Wyatt won the Blue Seal Stakes earlier that afternoon with their very nice two-year-old Nearco filly, Stream of Gold (who started at 20-1) beating Lady Irwin's good-looking Alycidon filly Alphabet by a short head after a photo-finish. No one took greater interest in this race than that game and wonderful personality Alice Countess of Derby, owner of Alycidon, who came down to the unsaddling enclosure with her granddaughters Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass and Lady Irwin. Although ninety-four years old the Dowager Lady Derby, who saw her late husband's horses win the Derby and most big races in this country, as well as many in France where he had horses in training in partnership with Beatrice Countess of Granard, still takes a very keen and practical interest in the family stud and racing.

OTHER staunch supporters of racing I saw were the Duke of Norfolk, who not only devotes much time to running the Royal racecourse at Ascot, and to acting as a steward at many meetings, but also with his wife, races on quite a big scale, and Lady Zia Wernher who has a very successful stud and has bred and owned many good horses. She was talking to her trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochford who has trained many winners at Freemasons Lodge including the Queen's Aureole. Sir Malcolm McAlpine, who with his sons has a fine stud at Newmarket and has for many years supported racing in this country consistently with a string of horses in training (his first runner was in 1911) was present with Lady McAlpine. Their eldest son Mr. Robin McAlpine won the last race on the second day with his Owen Tudor colt Poaching. Lord Willoughby de Broke the senior steward was racing, with his lovely wife who wore one of the new cossack fur caps in white with her black suit. Two others looking extremely attractive in these hats were Mrs. Tom Blackwell and Mrs. Robin McAlpine. The latter's was palest grey and she wore it with a very well tailored navy blue coat.

Also racing were Lord Howard de Walden just back from his home in Scotland where there have been great celebrations for the coming-of-age of his eldest daughter the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, Sir Horace Evans, Lord Ashcombe just back from a business trip to Canada, Capt. Cyril Hall who looks after the Aga Khan's bloodstock in Ireland so efficiently, Lord Tryon who was one of the stewards, the Earl of Sefton, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel who had the misfortune to lose their valuable filly Sister Alice who collapsed after the race for the Blue Seal Stakes, the Earl of Northesk, Lord Gifford, Lady Sudeley, Major the Hon. Julian Berry, Lady Claud Hamilton, Brig. Denis Fitzgerald, and the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor of the Bahamas, where he and his wife have done such a magnificent job since he took office three years ago. He flew back to Europe when his mother and step-brother were involved in a serious car accident last month, from which they are now, he told me, recovering slowly.

★ ★ ★

WHAT should be a glittering exhibition of portraits is to be held at Walkers Galleries, 118 New Bond Street, from October 24. Called "Stars of Today and Tomorrow" it consists of about seventy sketches of stage and screen personalities and some of the children at Silverlands Home. These are the work of that clever artist Honor Earl, daughter of Lord Maugham, former Lord Chancellor, and niece of Somerset Maugham. The exhibition is in aid of the Actors Orphanage and the portraits include Ann Todd, Anna Massey, Noël Coward, Sally Ann Howes, Danny Kaye, Claire Bloom and Peter Ustinov.



John G. Wilson

SHARER OF A BIRTHDAY DANCE

MISS FELICIA GUEPIN, niece of Nadejda Lady Muir, shared a coming-of-age party with Miss Fiona Muir, elder daughter of Sir John Muir, Bt., and Lady Muir at Blair Drummond House, by Stirling. The dance was attended by guests who came from many parts of the world



H.E. Senhor Samuel de Souza-Leao Gracie, Madame Gracie, Lady Gainer, Sir Donald St. Clair Gainer, Mrs. Muriel and Lt.-Col. J. C. Muriel



Sir Geoffrey Harrison talking to Mr. John Phillimore and Mrs. Phillimore

Sir John Taylor in after dinner conversation with Senorita Veronica Gracie

FAREWELL TO AN AMBASSADOR

A FAREWELL dinner was given to His Excellency the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Samuel de Souza-Leao Gracie by the Anglo-Brazilian Society and the Brazilian Chamber of Commerce at the Dorchester Hotel. It was to mark the retirement of the Ambassador this coming November, after a sojourn of four years in England



Dinner companions at the top table were Lord Remnant and Lady Sinkler



Mrs. Lobo, Mr. M. Lobo, Mrs. Castello-Branco and Mr. A. Castello-Branco



Mr. Anthony Marreco, Mrs. Marreco, Mrs. Eric Korner and Mr. R. Emery



*The
TATLER
and
Bylander,
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Mr. Anthony Squire and Miss Jane Fitzgerald-Lombard



Miss Angela Found and Mr. Timothy Moore

AN AUTUMN DANCE

MRS. STEWART OWLER gave a coming-out dance for her daughter, Miss Felicity Frazer, at their eighteenth-century house The Green, at Hampton Court, which made a perfect setting; for the young people present it was the ideal introduction to the autumn round of parties



Miss Felicity Frazer, for whom the dance was given, was hostess to some hundred and fifty guests on this enjoyable occasion

A. V. Swaebe



Mr. John Quinn and Miss Caroline Russell



Miss Moira Mullen and Mr. Patrick Baynham



Mr. Tim Lacey and Miss Susan Collins



Miss H. Capon, Capt. M. Roberts, Miss A. Whitbread

YOUNGMAN CARTER, who drew this portrait of Sir Ralph Richardson as Timon, gives below an incisive character sketch of his sitter

On drawing Sir Ralph



Sir Ralph makes a magnificent Falstaff, his best-known Shakespearian part



John Vickers
The actor in the title role of the Old Vic's vintage production of "Peer Gynt," 1944-5

ONE of the curses of this age (dramatically speaking) is that we have a plethora of critics whose writing, if not up to the Goldsmith standard, is at least entertaining enough but whose faculties for appraisal seem to be those of poor Poll. Thus we have a series of bombardon solos eulogizing Herr Brecht and M. Godot and a concerto on the air raid warning siren to express intellectual reaction to any piece of local theatre produced with the mildly laudable object of catering for the poor common wretch who goes to the theatre to please himself.

This minority hysteria is not only the sort of stuff which might properly be reserved for Mr. Liberace, but from an historical viewpoint is thoroughly bad reporting.

Consider the case of Sir Ralph Richardson's return to the Old Vic. This is a domestic event admittedly and no foreigners are involved, but here is one of the great figures of the English stage, leading a company of English actors, in a play by the mightiest of English poets.

"TIMON OF ATHENS" is not Sir Ralph's greatest rôle but it does give London the chance to listen to this peerless voice pouring out verse in an Olympian torrent. It is an experience which is unique now; something to be stored for the memoirs. Yet how pitifully few of our mentors found it practical to exhibit anything more inspiring than petulant boredom.

Sir Ralph is not unaware of this and he seems to regard these antics with the tolerance one reserves for adolescents at the self-important period. He even takes note of them. "In Timon," he said, "I wear two quite different false noses, a little one for the first act and a large one for the second. The first got them used to the idea and stopped them from saying I was depending upon tricks of make-up, and after that they ceased to look with inquiring eyes."

He takes his *maquillage* very seriously, using his own personal mixture of powdered colour with water instead of grease-paint and the effect bears inspection at much closer quarters than is usual—a great attraction from an artist's viewpoint. His dressing-room is austere: no wild telegrams sprout from his mirrors and his equipment of brushes and colour is arranged regimentally. The only sign of relaxation is an expensive work on modern French painters, for painting is his hobby.

As a model he comes between his fellow knight, Sir Laurence Olivier, who was the most difficult man I ever met to persuade to an instant's tranquillity, and Bud Flanagan, who treated the whole thing as a business occasion and gave me undivided attention for a precise and specified time.

As an actor he seems oblivious of his own qualities: he cannot, he says, recall his own voice in his mind's ear. His recorded voice sounds to him like a stranger's. "Like this . . ." he said, and gave a brilliant cameo of Sir Ralph through a loud hailer. I told him I had once heard him buying a tuppenny stamp in a post office and had recognized his voice from four backs away in the queue, and this struck him as extraordinary and laughable.

He is generous, not wildly but shrewdly, in his praise for others of his craft. His interest in every aspect of it is profound and professional: there is nothing about him of the "let's-go-and-knock-the-bowling-for-six" approach of so many actors.

His attitude to the inquiring stranger is remote but courteous and very kind, as with a man descending cautiously from a cloud about Parnassus.

"What sort of a man am I?" he said. "Well, do you know I've often wondered that myself."



SIR RALPH RICHARDSON started his illustrious career in 1921 in "The Merchant of Venice." He joined the Old Vic company in 1930. Since then he has become one of the three or four leading actors of the British stage

Youngman Carter
'56

IN FATHER'S WAKE

GEORGINA, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. Donald Campbell, helps her mother take the wheel of their launch on Coniston Water, Lancashire, the day that her father broke his own speed record with a new one of 225.63 m.p.h. with his jet-engined boat Bluebird. Mr. Campbell's previous record of 216.2 m.p.h. was made last November at Lake Mead, Nevada, U.S.A.



Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

SHADES, it seems, are in short supply. I read that the Society for Psychical Research has launched what the public prints describe as "the biggest ghost-hunting expedition ever undertaken," by circulating an appeal for information from people who have seen ghosts—and were awake at the time. Poltergeists don't count.

The Society, which is a reputable body of scholars and scientists, with its headquarters in Bloomsbury, is dedicated to investigating the problem of whether or not ghosts really exist, and whereas only a few years ago it was being bombarded by people who not only believed in ghosts but claimed to be constantly seeing them, nowadays nobody seems to be seeing ghosts any more.

One reason, of course, is obvious. The stately homes are constantly being pulled down that once housed not only an ancient family but also a sixteenth- or seventeenth-century ghost or so, terminating at the ruff, with its head (as Stanley Holloway used to sing) tucked underneath 'is arm—or the wistful shade of an erring wife or a runaway daughter, sidling through the walls, and giving vent every now and again to a ladylike little moan.

But whether the houses are pulled down or not, people don't believe in ghosts any

more—which is pretty surprising, considering what they *will* believe in. As for the ghosties and ghoulies and lang-leggety beasties and things that go bump in the night, though—well, everybody knows that what goes bump in the night is either an atom bomb or the kids next door with their Guy Fawkes fireworks.

★ ★ ★

SOLDIERING has always inspired good writing and at any rate spirited painting: there is no more lively exhibition in London than that called simply "The British Soldier," continuing until next month at the National Book League's house in Albemarle Street—a house once lived in, by the happiest of coincidences, by that Marquis of Granby whose name and whose bald head, on inn-signs all over Britain, testify to the affection in which he was held by such old soldiers of his time who set up after Minden in the licensed trade.

Full-sized figures and tiny lead toys are brave in bearskins and feather bonnets, scarlet and gold, breastplate and bandolier; in pictures on the wall horsemen for ever charge, and the King's enemies for ever bite the dust; and in fading ink, in his own hand, Lord Byron

invokes a sound of revelry by night.

For more reasons than one, too, I was glad to see on the wall those two figures created by our own contemporary cartoonist Jon: those "Two Types" who—moustached, corduroyed, and suede-booted—grumbled, tiptoed, poodlefaked and old-soldiered their Eighth Army way from the Western Desert to the Apennines—and are here discovered, lying in some squalid Sicilian or Calabrian attic, turning over the pages of an issue of this very periodical, sardonically happy to discover that some London chum of theirs is still, as the caption has it, "wining and dining in a good cause."

★ ★ ★

PROPERLY enough, the lean, hawk-beaked figure of The Duke seems omnipresent at this splendid parade of soldiers and the soldierly virtues. (There is even a cheque of his, on Coutts's Bank, to a Mr. Hoby, then, as now, a bootmaker—for £97 17s. At the prices of the time it seems to represent quite a lot of boots.) He was already in my mind, by an inescapable association of ideas, for I had been amusing myself by totting up the ways in which the great Napoleon signed his name, using as my source-book the latest

catalogue of the almost never-ending sale at Sotheby's of the stupendous Coppet collection.

A whole morning is to be given up there next week to the autograph letters from Napoleon alone, and while it was only to be expected that there would be formal documents signed "Napoleon" in full, and brief soldierly notes subscribed simply with a great "N," and a flourish, there is almost every possible abbreviation between those two extremes.

Why, for instance, did the Emperor sign himself "Napol" to Talleyrand, but "Napole" to Augereau? Some marshals received notes signed "Napoleo"; some "Napo"; and Ney gets an occasional "Np."

Wellington, in his reminiscent old age, used to say that Napoleon's mind was "low and ungentelemanlike," and I have no doubt that he must have been strengthened in that opinion if, among the dispatches he captured from time to time in the peninsula, he came across those in which the Corsican upstart signed himself "Nap." There were lots of them, and I can imagine the well-bred shudder of the Anglo-Irish gentleman reading them, who would as soon have signed his own dispatches "Artie" as he would have slapped the Regent on the back and called him "Georgie."

★ ★ ★

IN Moscow, by the way, they used to tell the story of the ancient peasant from the Caucasus, where they were always claiming to have discovered older and older centenarians—quite genuinely, I think: something to do with the life-extending qualities of a diet of yoghurt—and trumpeting each newly found 150-year-old as another advertisement for the health-giving properties of the Stalinist regime.

This particular yokel was old enough it appeared, to remember the French invasion of 1812.

"You actually remember hearing about Napoleon?" cried the savants and civil servants from Moscow.

"I not only heard about him," said the



ancient: "I fought against him; and on the battlefield of Borodino the enemy was so close that I could see Napoleon himself."

"Incredible! Tell us what he looked like."

"There was no mistaking him: a tall thin gentleman, with a long black beard."

NOR that these claims from the longevity belt—Bulgaria and Turkey and those Soviet republics that lie south of the Caucasus are the most frequent datelines to the stories—can ever be proved or disproved.

The alleged dates of birth are in fact earlier than compulsory registration and, as they said the other day at Cornell University, of four-foot-four Javier Pereira, the Central American Indian who claims

AUTUMN COLLECTION

When fashion's adamant decree
Decides where waist and bust will be
And females seasonally crave
A form flat, convex or concave,
I can't coerce my vagrant line
To follow fickle dress design
And flinch before this frightful fate—
I'm figuratively out of date.

—Jean Stanger

to be 157, and the oldest man in the world, "it may very well be so, but medical science possesses at present no method of determining the exact age of an adult."

I can think of a number of women friends of mine, who have been twenty-nine for some time, who must have sighed their relief at the pronouncement.

★ ★ ★

THERE can be few subjects that Mike Williams-Thompson and I would agree about, though I am always happy to see that burly figure looming over the horizon, in Fleet Street, or Brook Street, or Portland Place. His politics aren't mine, and I never cared, even before the Suez fuss, for the particular Near Eastern friends he chose to advise on public relations. If the Arab states go to the far side of the Iron Curtain for the arms with which to bully Israel, let them go there for their public-relations advice too, say I.

None of this, though, alters the fact that Williams-Thompson is an expert on his subject, and that his new book *Tell The People*, contains a good deal of shrewd sense about it, notably on the relations between the Royal Family and "the glamour grafted upon it by cheap magazines."

"God Save the Queen," says Mike, "from her present advisers in this vital field," and for once I can echo his sentiments.

★ ★ ★

SOME, at any rate, of my readers will have observed (I hope) that I write not of the Middle but of the Near East. If Egypt and the Levant generally are to be lumped together, as they have been since the outbreak of the Second Great War, as "the Middle East" then where, in Mercator's name, is the Near East? There can hardly be a middle, surely, without a near as well as a far.

Nobody would suggest that going back to the more logical demarcation of areas would make world problems any easier to solve, but it might make them easier to understand.

BRIGGS by Graham





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
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Major and Mrs. Derek Allhusen with Rosemary and Timothy, who rode for the West Norfolk



Mrs. Michael Fox, Major M. Gibbs with Bridget and Cecily Gibbs, and Mary Fox (Taunton Vale)



Mrs. T. S. Acheson and George Acheson found a sunny corner to watch from

The Hon. David Somerset, Col. V. D. S. Williams and Lt.-Col. R. B. Moseley



Ann Sturgis and Susan Constance were noting down the finer points



Angela and Elizabeth Blackburn sought the shade of a tree

P. C. Palmer

Davina Dee-Smith takes a fence cleanly. She was competing for the Fitzwilliam Hunt





Van Hallar

HARROW'S GOOSE MATCH

THIS traditional Michaelmas cricket match was played at Harrow School between Old Harrovians and a School team. Above: Mr. R. B. Bloomfield and Mr. N. M. Ford, the visitors' closing bats

*M. L. Maydon, R. F. C. Webster,
L. J. Champniss, (behind) F. H.
Crocker, the Hon. B. J. Alexander*

*Mr. and Mrs. C. Clover-Brown, Mr.
M. T. Turnbull, Mr. D. Rome, (behind)
Mr. R. Holt, Mr. R. O'Callaghan*

*P. K. Steel, C. R. Freemantle, J. N. M.
Hart, N. D. Gould, (standing) M.
Yannaghass, E. L. Firth, N. L. Firth*



*Miss E. Tisdall, Miss M. Stevenson and
Miss A. Stevenson*



*Miss N. Shine, C. Rome, Mrs. D. Rome,
the Rev. H. J. L. Gorse*





Desmond O'Neill

PRINCESS MARIA-CHRISTINA, the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Bavaria-Bourbon, is seen standing before one of the sub-tropical plants growing in the garden of her parents' Riviera residence. With her family, which includes two younger brothers and a sister, she has been spending the summer at the Villa Teba at Cap Martin



Priscilla in Paris

CIRCUS, BUT NO BREAD

IN the past, just for the fun of it, I have grown fruit (strawberries) and vegetables (tomatoes) in window boxes! This morning I wished I had kept up the practice. Not a salad, not a spud, not an apple to be had in the *quartier*. So annoying and so depressing.

Greengrocers give gaiety to the streets of Paris or, for that matter, any other town. From the pale primrose hue of the grapefruit to the vivid reds of the apples, their colourful wares are comforting to the eye on a grey, October morning. A tray of apples is one of the cheeriest street sights I can think of; not only on account of the doctors they "keep away" but because of the childhood memories they evoke. "Bobbing" for them when one was small, stealing them from the orchards when one was a little bigger, paring long strips of peel that, thrown over the left shoulder, were twisted into letters of the alphabet of which the cabbalistic meaning I, alas, have forgotten.

The drawn blinds and blank shutters that gave such a dot-and-carry-one air to the provision shop streets was most disheartening. Josephine returned from her marketing expedition in a state that bordered on what she calls her "crisis of the nerves"! I tried to console her with the thought that after all this was merely a try-out, for one day only, but she reminded me that we were constantly menaced with a strike by *all* food-stuff dealers. This probably means that she will start stocking canned stuff by the cart-load. I shall order some new and large window boxes. There are five windows to my flat and all five have balconies. When she is down with scurvy I shall be able to come to the rescue.

THE Hungarian circus from Budapest is delighting Parisian circus fans for all that it is called "Magyar Cirucj" which we find fifty per cent unpronounceable. The Russians, last spring, dazzled us with their elaborate floor cloth but the gold-embroidered and spangled satin display of their Hungarian rivals is even more gorgeous and the czardas of Tibor Deri's tzigane orchestra had us a-rocking and a-rolling in our seats with ecstasy.

The programme partakes more of the variety and music-hall entertainment than of the circus proper and this is all to the good



MLLE. HUGUETTE HUE in this scene with (right) M. Georges Chamarat at the Palais Royal, appears from the film "Arsène Lupin," directed by M. Jaques Becker

since the turns are excellent. They are presented by a ringmaster who caused a sensation; not only because he wore impeccable evening dress but because of his extraordinary resemblance to Jean-Paul Sartre. We wondered if the High Priest of Existentialism had returned from his travels and was exploring the circus world but after a loud rustling of programmes we were reassured.

There were not so many clowns as one usually sees in most programmes. For this I returned thanks. I find them hideous and vulgar; and their gags are bewildered.

WHEN one sees—as one invariably does—staid and elderly critics gloating and chuckling over their antics from their arena-side seats one feels positively embarrassed. I can find no excuse for them, even when they mumble, in vague justification: "Et les clowns de Shakespeare, chère madame?"

It was at the Magyar Cirucj that I saw a smiling young newcomer to Paris who, already, is recognized by those clever-people-who-know! She is Diane Médina who, only six weeks ago, was living with Papa and Mama at Alexandria. But Papa Médina decided "this is no place for you, my darlings" and hurriedly packed them off to Paris practically in the clothes they stood up in. In Diane's case the outfit consisted of a white bathing suit, a skirt and a jumper . . . quite suitable perhaps for an ordinary August but not such an August as we have had this year!

Diane, who was still at school in Alexandria, decided that in Paris she wanted a job . . . as well as some clothes! She is tall for her age—not quite fifteen—she is slim and she is extremely pretty for she resembles Princess Ira Hohenlohe. The result is that Germaine Lecomte now has a new "youngest mannequin" in the profession. She has been taught to walk wearing high heels, to avoid wriggling her shoulders, to carry her pretty head in a stately manner, to use a lipstick with discernment and the glossy curls, of which Papa was so proud, have been clipped!

She has been taught to smile without being really amused. . . . But I vow that the smiles we saw at the circus were the real McCoy!





At the Theatre

LIGHTWEIGHT DRAMATICS

"A RIVER BREEZE" (Phoenix Theatre) never blows up into a gale although (above) Maggie Denney (Ann Firbank) is suddenly found to be not her parents' daughter. Former brother Robert (Moray Watson) finds the new relationship suits him better, Mrs. Denney (Phyllis Calvert) remains unperturbed, so does Mr. Denney (Nauntun Wayne) whose mind is taken up with Henley Regatta, and Mr. Symington-Smythe (Patrick Cargill) up to the neck in psychology. Only eccentric Col. Ferring (Roland Culver), Maggie's godfather, is upset by the news. Drawings by Emmuwood



A PLAYWRIGHT whose intentions are modest may have a multitude of faults; but if he is good humoured, and if the good humour is truly in grain, it is on the cards that he will trump any patronizing or contemptuous criticism and reach an audience. *A River Breeze* at the Phoenix is a case in point. Mr. Roland Culver has so often appeared as a clever and witty actor that many critics were perhaps unduly distressed to discover that he had written a play which was neither clever nor witty.

Consequently the little cockleshell of a light comedy got off to a rough start, but it has since made an excellent recovery and now is to be found, night after night, bobbing gaily along on a gentle ripple of laughter. Cleverness and wit are all very well if you can get them; if you can't, evidently simple good humour is rare enough to be considered something worth having.

A drawing-room at Henley in regatta time is happily chosen as a place where good humour may be expected to flourish freely. Of course, it must be set off by something, and the something in this instance is the essentially innocuous, peppery temper of a colonel who holds the Military Cross and is eccentrically addicted to needlework.

MR. CULVER himself takes charge of this part of the business. In the interests of his play he agreeably caricatures his own style of acting, bellowing about the place tremendously and signalling irascible surprise by enormous eye wrinkling when anything is said that would not have been said, or would have been said differently, in the days of the Empire. For the colonel is ageless. His youth belongs to any conceivable period except a period that anyone but himself can remember. And Mr. Nauntun Wayne is there dryly to interpret to his old-fashioned brother-in-law the strange language now in common use.

The colonel cannot possibly understand the carelessness of his sister and her husband. They have just discovered that their grown-up daughter may not, after all, be their daughter. An illness has revealed a well-known family birthmark on the crown of the head. This mark suggests that flustered nurses may have mixed up the babes of the two old friends who were in the same maternity hospital. "Good heavens!" cries the colonel. "What is to be done?" "Done?" says Mr. Wayne imperturbably. "Why, what should be done?" His putative daughter is a very nice daughter and has always given him and his wife every satisfaction.

Why should they swap her for a girl they hardly know? They might not like their real daughter half so well. Besides, they remember hearing that she has just got engaged to a chap with a title. The chap might be marrying her for her money, and if she had less than he was counting on it might ruin both their lives. And anyway there are more important things to be thought of on the very eve of Henley Regatta.

THE flabbergasted colonel bellows and wrinkles, but regatta arrangements will wait for no man and the anxious uncle is left to calm himself as best he can with his needlework.

Not even the author's good humour is able to carry off a markedly unfunny and strangely prolonged comedy sketch in which an electric kitchen mixer is being demonstrated, but it comes up smiling after its defeat to cope with, and to cope with acceptably, a really difficult situation. For much-travelled brother observes with surprise that his "kid sister" has grown into a most attractive woman, and Mr. Culver has the delicate job of not keeping the boy and girl too long in doubt as to their real relations and yet seeing to it that the doubt should last long enough to be a turning point in the comedy.

He is in a position of such delicacy that it is quite impossible to be delicate about it at all. He relies on his good humour, and his good humour sees him through, with useful help from an admirably direct performance by Mr. Moray Watson as the bewildered young man. Perhaps what most recommends the whole family to audiences is its happy imperturbability, for the real daughter takes things just as calmly as the changeling and is just as nice as her parents. It is reassuring thus to be shown imperturbable good humour putting to flight all the troubles of the world, and there are enough amusing lines to keep us in the right mood.

—Anthony Cookman



NEW STAGE DEBUTANTE

DIANA CLARE, who has taken over Anna Massey's title role in William Douglas Home's successful comedy "The Reluctant Debutante" at the Cambridge Theatre, was herself a debutante this year. This is her first appearance on the West End stage; she studied at R.A.D.A. and has also had much experience with the Cardiff and Worthing repertory companies

Photograph by
Angus McBean

MAJESTIC CASTLE ASHBY

THE ELIZABETHAN HOME OF LORD NORTHAMPTON



Lady Judith Compton, the eldest child, looks at an Italian psalter

CASTLE ASHBY, the Northamptonshire home of the sixth Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, is a great house with several unique features. Originally built in an "E" shape in 1578, by the first Lord Compton, it was completed about 1600 when Queen Elizabeth stayed there. The frieze which now joins the wings of the "E" is the work of Inigo Jones, and the magnificent terraces surrounding the house were designed by the third Marquess of Northampton. The present Marquess and Marchioness were married in 1942 and have four children whose ages are twelve, eleven, ten and eight respectively. Lord Northampton owns property in Rhodesia and Jamaica and also the house of Compton Wynyates, in Warwickshire. The marquessate of Northampton dates back to 1812 and the earldom to the year 1618



The east front of Castle Ashby with its parapet of stone back to 1624. The words are...

The fireplace in the Great Hall at Castle Ashby was brought from the Compton family house in Canonbury



The Long Gallery contains many treasures including a collection of Etruscan vases 2,500 years old





*terin: around the top of the house, dating
the 17th Psalm*

*ie of the three drawing-rooms which adjoin each
her. This room was originally part of a loggia*



*Lady Eliza and Lord William Compton, Earl Compton
and Lady Judith Compton with their mother*



*The Great Hall pictures include one of the 8th Earl
and his family by Sir Benjamin West*

Desmond O'Neill

The great whaling story filmed on a grand scale

"MOBY DICK," Herman Melville's world-famous novel which tells of the hunting down of a huge and savage white whale, has been filmed by Warner Bros. Left: Gregory Peck as Capt. Ahab, skipper of the whaler Pequod, and sworn enemy of Moby Dick

Ishmael (Richard Basehart) and Queegqueg (Friedrich Ledebur)



At the Pictures

Elsbeth Grant

MR. NIVEN AND THE HIGHER FINANCE

IF, as one gathers from *The Silken Affair*, chartered accountants can make or break a business firm simply by cooking its books, then things have come to a pretty pass and somebody really should write to the *Financial Times* about it. Still, I don't imagine anyone will take this odd, scatty farcical comedy seriously: some may not be able to take it at all. Trailing clouds of whimsy, it rambles along in a demented sort of way, leaving no avenue unexplored in its quest for laughs.

Mr. Robert Lewis Taylor is credited with having written the screen-play but my own feeling is that he must have been surrounded by a swarm of unseen collaborators (mischievous ghosts of Ealing Past?) all nudging him into using situations which, delightful in themselves, like the flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la, have nothing to do with the case.

Mr. David Niven plays a pompous ass of an accountant who for eighteen years has led a blameless and boring life—daily catching the 8.40 *up* to a dull City office and the 5.45 *down* to a dull suburban wife (Miss Dorothy Alison). A madly merry French girl (Mlle. Geneviève Page) inspires Mr. Niven to throw his bowler over the windmill and do something daring.

Purely for a lark, he cooks the books of a moribund firm of silk stocking manufacturers, Marberry Hose, so that it appears to be a thriving business: then, let loose on the ledgers of a progressive and flourishing nylon concern, Gossamer Vogue, he

reduces *it*, on paper, to near-bankruptcy. For a moment he enjoys an exquisite sense of power but when his unethical behaviour has startling repercussions on the stock market he realizes he has gone too far.

That knowing Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, a financier of infinite resource and sagacity, comes to the accountant's rescue. With money that Mr. Niven has stolen from his wife, Mr. Hyde White judiciously buys up shares for him: Mr. Niven eventually finds himself with a controlling interest in both firms and not a care in the world.

MR. MILES MALLESON has one delightful moment as the burglars' outfitter who supplies Mr. Niven with safe-breaking tools and throws in a pair of snowshoes for a quick get-away in case the weather changes; a super-modern office building stuffed with gadgets that erratically respond to or defy electronic control is rather fun—and Mlle. Page bowling across Trafalgar Square in a rowing boat on wheels is a pleasing sight. But a collection of conceits and caricatures cannot add up to a satisfactory comedy—not even with Mr. Niven cooking the books.

It's the chronic pursuit of love that makes blackmail such a lucrative profession in France: *Chantage* (translated as "The Lowest Crime") says so, anyway. Wives eager to deceive rich

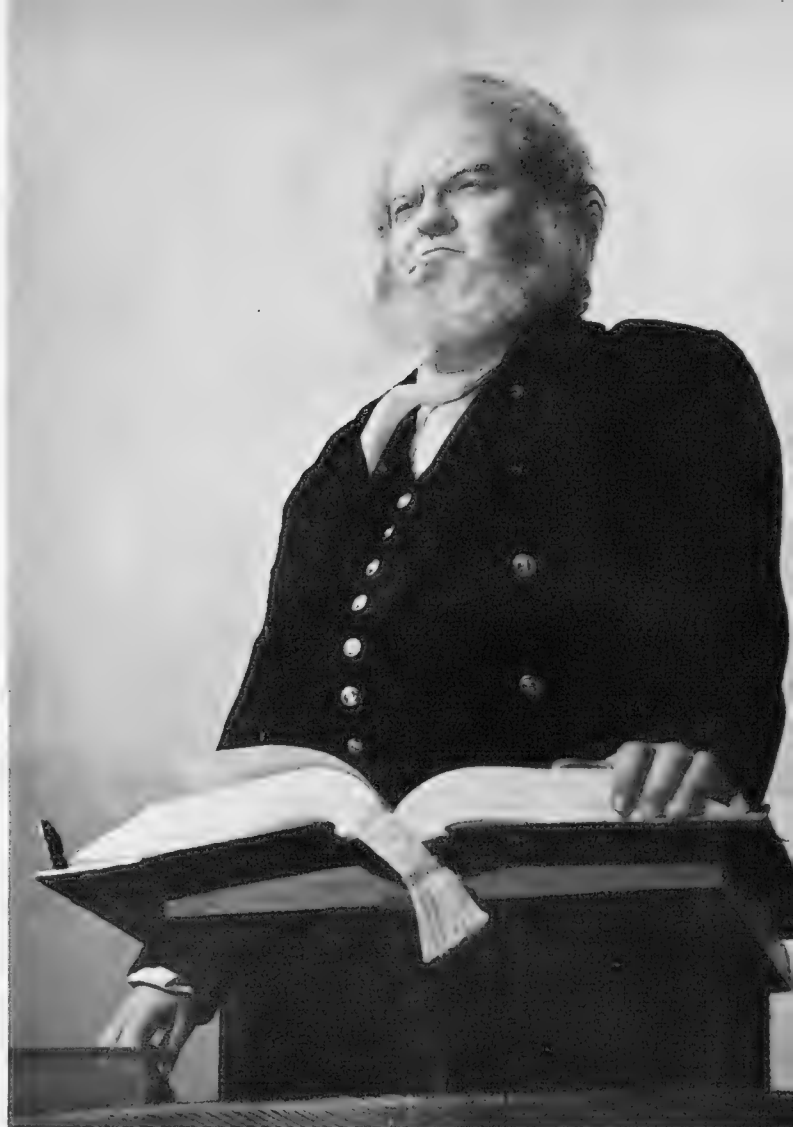


Ishmael with the carpenter (Noel Purcell)

Seamus Kelly as Flask, a member of the crew



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
OCTOBER 10
1956
91*



Orson Welles plays Father Mapple, a fire and brimstone preacher

Capt. Ahab shouts at the crew as the white whale rises from the depths

elderly husbands, middle-aged fathers prone to seduction by pretty women, girls easily gulled by bar-flies—they're simply asking for blackmail. Mr. Leo Genn sees that they get it.

Masquerading as an art dealer—and speaking French at dictation speed—Mr. Genn runs a highly efficient blackmailing organization, with M. Raymond Pellegrin, an excellent actor, its star member—and a most versatile one, too. Mr. Genn has scores of seductive types on tap. In its revelation of the methods by which persons can be lured into compromising themselves, the film is almost an admirable cautionary tale for young (or even old) ladies. Unfortunately melodrama sweeps it past that point.

I COULD, I believe, bear to see Fernandel in the rôle of Don Camillo any number of times as long as the feud between the turbulent priest and the Communist mayor (Signor Gino Cervi) is carried on with the vivacity and humour that distinguish *Don Camillo's Last Round*. This film is, to my mind, every bit as engaging as *The Little World Of Don Camillo*, in which we first made the acquaintance of these inseparable enemies.

Don Camillo's efforts to prevent the ambitious mayor's promotion to the coveted office of Deputy are fruitless—but he wins the last round all the same by a fervent, if not quite fair, appeal to the *coeur d'artichaud* in Signor Cervi's burly bosom. How could Signor Cervi imagine he would be happy in Rome—far from the village of his birth and those poor people he has so faithfully (in his fashion) served and who love and need him still? Deeply moved, the peasant descends from the train that was to bear him to fame—and together the pair of them cycle home. Sometimes one takes the lead, sometimes t'other; that's how it has always been and always will be in Don Camillo's little world.





Mr. Cyril Croger, Mrs. C. A. Boycott
and Mrs. O. R. Oakes



Mr. Digby Cayley, Mrs. Ian Wilson-
Young and Miss R. Meadmore



Mr. Stephen Burroughes and Miss
Margaret Jones



Miss Audrey Mar-Gerrison and
Mr. Austin Carey



Mr. W. S. Login and Lady Pilditch,
a vice-chairman



Miss Helen Crampton and Mr.
G. Willcocks

A BALL IN SUFFOLK

THE annual ball for the Suffolk County branch of the Victoria League, held at the Arthenaeum, in Bury St. Edmunds, included the dancing of reels

Miss Isla Rivett-Carnac and her father, Vice-Admiral J. W. Rivett-Carnac, vice-chairman



Mr. R. Thornton, Miss A. Wood, Miss J. Read, Mr.
D. Foulger, Miss E. Cowell, Mr. N. Westendart

Van Hallan



*Mr. Richard Carey, Miss Elizabeth Adler,
Mr. Robert Chapman and Mrs. Muriel James*

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
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*Miss Pauline Vogelpoel, Mr. Peter Ruta and Mrs.
Nicholas Daveport look at "The Grey Table"*

*Miss Lucy Rothenstein and Mr. Jonathon Boswell
in the main gallery where supper was served*

IN HONOUR OF BRAQUE

EIGHT hundred guests attended an evening party at the Tate Gallery, arranged by the Contemporary Art Society, to accompany the preview of the Braque Exhibition. Eighty-seven representative works are to be seen at the Tate

*Norman Wiggins, Mrs. Roger
Falk and Mrs. Wiggins*

*Mr. Edward Lysaght and Mrs.
Charles Hill at the preview*



*Mr. Andrew Drysdale and Mrs.
Drysdale before "L'Estante"*



*Norman Wiggins, Mrs. Roger
Falk and Mrs. Wiggins*

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

THE BYRONIC LEGEND

YET another biography of this romantic poet is **Byron**, by Eileen Bigland (Cassell, 21s.). One might wonder what more there can be to say. For this stormy figure has been more conjectured about, written about, than almost any other literary man. The fact is, of course, that Lord Byron was *not* "a literary man." Little about him conforms with one's idea of a man of letters—reflective, study-bound and unworldly. Here was a case of poetry more or less forced into existence by a temperament—a sort of inspired release from extreme pressure. To be frank, how many of us spend time with Byron's poetry nowadays, apart from the haunting, immortal lyrics? It is the temperament which rivets us.

The temperament—and, with that the story! It was this poet's fate to engender an adjective, "Byronic"—and so much, sometimes so ineptly, is this in use that it may do its original some disservice. Truth-loving people may query *how* near the truth the Byron legend does really go? Miss Bigland's book supplies a straightforward answer.

This biographer's careful checkings on fact, and impartial findings, are to be praised. She has consulted the works of the main English authorities on Byron—how many more there may be abroad, where his impact was so great, one does not know. (The Continent, where so many hotels bear his name, and so many shrines and memories are preserved, still inclines to feel that we undervalue him.) Much, in Miss Bigland's *Byron*, has been drawn from the records left by his own contemporaries—some onlookers at the successive dramas of his life, others deeply and painfully involved in them. She has had recourse to journals, to letters he wrote, to letters to him, to letters written about him. From memoirs, such as the notable Lady Blessington's, are culled the powerful first impressions made on those who met him for the first time.

Some chroniclers Miss Bigland regards with a suspicion which would seem justified. Many were those who cashed in after the poet's death: outstanding example was Trelawny. During his lifetime, Lady Caroline Lamb did not only herself but the famous man no good. No small part of the "doom," whose prescience and unrelentingness oppressed the poet from boyhood onward, was that of attracting around himself histrionic characters, scene-makers, with an hysterical capacity for invention. The hell-bent Lady Caroline seems typical.

HIMSELF, he was devastatingly truthful, an often boisterous cynic, a born debunker. He could be, and often was, exceedingly funny. Another sterling good thing in his favour was, he never backed out once he had given his word. Did he back out on his marriage? Rather, the fault lay in his obstinate sticking to the engagement. Annabella Milbanke—uncompromising, intense, upright, more than a little of a prig—could not have been a more unfortunate choice: her power to aggravate the reader seems a sample of her power to frenzy Byron. Considerable heiress, and great Lady Melbourne's niece, the misused wife had public opinion all on her side. In the first place, Annabella had offered Byron haven from two troubles—amorous persecution by Lady Caroline, and his obsessive relationship with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh.

The Augusta affair has been frankly and feelingly dealt with by Miss Bigland. That it *was* an affair she leaves us in no doubt; she has also the courage to say, "So, what?" She suggests, there were mitigating circumstances. By one of those ironies which were to follow Byron, Augusta, though the wrong woman for him morally (as also, indeed, by the laws of nature) was the one right woman for him temperamentally. Sense of guilt, and still more the magnitude of the scandal when it broke, left him with shattered equilibrium: the Venice excesses were the outcome. Sinister as anything in the story is the alliance which, later, came into being between the stern Annabella and the frightened Augusta.

No relationship ever remained neutral—there was considerable emotion in several of Byron's friendships with men. In Byron's dealings with Shelley (while the two were in Italy) things worked out fairly even: the two very different geniuses—fond of each other, but mutually disapproving—more or less cancelled each other out. Miss Bigland makes clear, also, how the long years of self-exile affected Byron. He had crashed, in his own view, from the heights of fame into a trough of horrible notoriety—first lionized, then, as suddenly, ostracized. The Italian sojourns, the love affair with la Guiccioli, make fascinating,



THE ARTIST'S VIEW of children down the ages can be seen in an enchanting book, "Child Portraiture" by F. M. Godfrey (The Studio Ltd., 42s.). Two of the illustrations are shown here. Above: Angelo Bronzino's portrait of a young Medici princess, while (below) is a child of the twentieth century, Augustus John's painting of Robin



NEW BOOK BY A KEEN ANGLER

NEIL GUNN, whose new book "The Atom Of Delight" is to be published by Faber & Faber this month, is seen here at his home in the Scottish Highlands. His works include "Morning Tide," published in 1931, "The Silver Darling" and "The Drinking Well." His home is set in the midst of the hills of Inverness-shire where he is able to fish to his content



Clayton Evans

highly diverting reading—but they *are* tragic! Greece, loved in youth, remained his ideal land: linked with his urge to fight for her cause, for freedom, may well have been the urge to redeem his honour.

Miss Bigland's *Byron* opens with a close study of the childhood and, behind that, heredity. This biographer holds that the poet's violence, occasional snobbish boastfulness, lack of balance, came from his mother, *née* Kitty Gordon. She paints a deplorable picture of that lady, and of the things done to the growing boy. . . . Born in 1788, Byron died, as we know, at Missolonghi, in 1824. He was not to live to see the moral effect of his ill-fated Greek campaign. . . . Great dead poets' first names often drop out of use—perhaps because few of them are appropriate? It surprises one that Shelley's should have been Percy. Byron's, as one tends to forget, was George.

★ ★ ★

His *Saving Face* (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.) is the third of that satirical French author Pierre Boulle's novels to reach us here—the first was *The Bridge On The River Kwai*. This is a book with an edge to it: subject, how justice may miscarry.

So peculiar is the dilemma of the chief character, so still more so his idea of "the right principle," that one is all but left asking: "What is Justice?"

And something more gives *Saving Face* general interest. M. Boulle embodies in his story the North v. South opposition which goes on not only in France, but, I fancy, in every country—disuniting the United States, not so long ago, by an unforgettable Civil War. Elsewhere, the thing stops short of *that* tragic point—there is nothing more lethal than incompatibility, or, should one say, inborn mutual prejudice. Northerners are prone to consider Southerners over-easygoing, lax, effete, insincere; Southerners tend to return the compliment by seeing Northerners as stiff, stodgy, priggish or on-the-make.



Jean Berthier, a rising young lawyer, is illustrative. Drawn with a nice humour are the newly-appointed Public Prosecutor's reactions to the state of affairs in Bergerane, Provence—that he hails from the north of France, one need hardly state. The charm of the atmosphere, down here heightens his wariness; though he does fall in love with, and marry, a local beauty. And dramatic happenings bring all he feels to a head. A village girl vanishes; then is found in the Rhone. Suspicion falls on a neighbouring ne'er-do-well, son of an influential, rich industrialist. Pressure, first indirect, then less so, is brought to bear, to make Berthier drop the case. Will he yield to corruption?—never.

So far, so good—if it had been only that! But, alas, no one knows better than Berthier how it was that the girl got into the river. And no one knows better than he does *whose* courage failed, at the crucial moment. This was a case of accident, not murder: the accident need not have been fatal. Is he, then, to prosecute an innocent man? If he does not, he will be "yielding to corruption."

Berthier's inaction, on the bank of the Rhone, his subsequent state of conflict, his line of procedure, are all convincing. There's a touch of Anatole France about M. Pierre Boulle.

★ ★ ★

WITH *Remember The House*, by Santha Rama Rau (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) we move to India—Bombay, at the time of the Independence. The author, whose name recalls her outstanding autobiographical first book, *East Of Home*, shows—this time—a no less gift for fiction. Her twenty-year-old heroine, Baba, is not only attractive, but deeply interesting. And so is the girl's predicament—which is partly social, partly emotional, partly racial.

Behind the individual story of *Remember The House* stands the background of India's being and her history—the novel, though so gracefully written, makes felt a submerged intellectual force.



SINGING IN THE RAIN

AT last the English woman is freed from the chains of the bulky, dull raincoats that have been her lot for years. Left: Alligator's military waterproof in double textured spun rayon, natural coloured with a bright red lining (it can also be had in black). Approx. £5 12s. 6d. from George West, Oxford St. Right: Telemac's tapered navy blue coat in rayon-barathea, rubberized and fully lined. This material carries Courtauld's tested quality mark. Price, with a matching pot hat, £5 19s. 6d. from Bourne & Hollingsworth

By

Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

Fashion Editress







A TWO-WAY wonder is the raincoat on this page. Made by Burberry, one side is multi-coloured tweed (right) and the other is made of cotton gaberdine in turquoise, red or emerald green (above). Completely reversible, it costs 18 gns., and is both practical and attractive

Pretty and dry in wet weather

FROM Aquascutum comes the casual, three-quarter-length jacket on the opposite page. It is in off-white cotton gaberdine and is lined with gay tattersall check, price 11 gns. The heavenly dachshund on these pages comes from Alderbournes Pet Shop in Lansdowne Row



Michel Molinare



Looking



Michel Molinare

IT can be seen from these and the foregoing pages that there is no longer any excuse for looking drab, bulky and uninspired in bad weather, now that there are waterproof clothes attractive enough to cheer the lowest spirits on the dreariest of days. Two more examples are shown on these pages. Above: A superb classic from Aquascutum's new Autumn Collection. It is an all-wool shower-proof gaberdine with raglan shoulders and a swagger back. It costs 18 gns. Dannimac's smart and practical coat (opposite page) is in pale turquoise mixture tweed which is fully waterproof. It costs 6 gns. at John Lewis

on the bright side of life





John French

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

TOP TO TOE IN BLACK

THE little black dress, so popular and useful all the year round, is shown here in black wool mounted on taffeta with a wide scoop neckline, highlighted with jet and gunmetal beading; it has a softly fitted waist and a wide flaring skirt which has its own petticoat. Its price is £32 11s. Worn with the dress is a black wrap-coat in a wool, mohair and fur mixture that has a large natural blue fox collar, price 36 gns. Black grosgrain toque with feather brim, trimmed with satin ribbon costs £13 19s. 6d. Black grosgrain bag lined with satin, £6 6s. 6d., black antelope silk lined gloves, 69s. 6d., sixty-inch opera rope necklace of simulated pearls and paste, part of it making a bracelet, 6 gns., black calf court shoes £5 9s. 6d. All come from Jenners, of Edinburgh



Tips straight from the stables

*T*HERE is a country flavour about these attractive accessories, which, with their horses and dogs motifs, should please animal lovers. These bags, belts, scarves and other bright finishing touches are chosen for their suitability for wearing with classic English sporting clothes, for example, well cut tweeds and camel-hair—JEAN CLELAND

Pigskin handbag, price 12 gns., tan umbrella with whangee and leather handle, price £4 17s. 6d., "horse's bit" belt, £3 13s. 6d. All from Simpsons

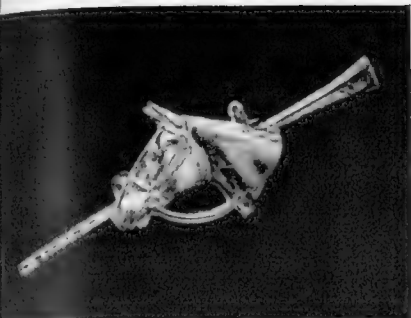


Snuff leather saddlebag, price £5 15s. 6d., a matching leather belt, price £5 15s. 6d., and a Hermes silk square, 6 gns., all come from Wetherall's



This "poodle" elastic for belts is French, and costs 14s. 6d. a yard. It can be obtained (in red only) from Dickins & Jones





Above is a bugle with a horse's head, price £1 1s. Below: From the same stable, a "Pappa Fourway" silver horse, price £2 2s.



Red velvet accessories to brighten a dull day: the Elengee hat costs 3 gns., the cravat 2 gns. and the belt £2 12s. 6d. They can all be obtained from Wetherall's, Bond St.

Dennis Smith

This Hermes silk square has a delightful impressionistic design of race-horses and gaily dressed racegoers. It is well worth the 6 gns. it costs at Wetherall's

Another Hermes silk square, this one showing horses from different countries of the world, which also comes from Wetherall's, and which also costs 6 gns.





Beauty

Extracting impurities

Jean Cleland

THE science of beauty culture has advanced so far in these days, that, while creams and lotions play an important part in the creating and maintaining of skin beauty, they are by no means the whole of the story. There are now so many specialized treatments and corrective methods for dealing with various problems, that even an ardent pursuer of the subject, like myself, finds it difficult to keep in touch with all that is going on.

Of one thing I am convinced—no one need despair of having a good complexion, provided that they are prepared to take a little trouble with it. Such things as acne, relaxed pores, slack muscles, and wrinkles, can all be given remedial treatments, with in most cases, excellent results. If, in the case of older women, they cannot all be entirely cured, that is not to say they must be endured, for they can be greatly improved.

Recently I went along to talk with Gertrude Hartley, at her Academy of Beauty Culture in Knightsbridge, about a method she has for dealing with something which is at the root of many beauty troubles suffered by both the young and the old. Acidity in the skin.

WE had intended to follow the talk, and the demonstration which I was to see, with lunch at one. When I tell you that it was nearly two o'clock before a hardened beauty writer like myself even noticed the time, you can imagine that what I saw and heard was of considerable interest.

About eighteen months ago, I wrote about Mrs. Hartley's "Vapozone" treatment, which she used for correcting relaxed pores, and ridding the skin of tiresome blemishes such as small blackheads that have become so embedded that they are difficult to extract. Since then she has discovered further important possibilities with regard to this treatment, and is now using it for drawing out acidity. By so doing, the texture is refined and made beautifully clear. I watched the process being done on two models, with different types of skin; one very young, and one a little older.

After, in each case, the skin had been cleansed and treated with "Vapozone," a very *deep* massage was given with special oil. The massage concentrated on the glands at the side of the face, then went across to the nose, under the cheekbones, and down and round the chin.

A POINT stressed by Mrs. Hartley was that the massage was considerably deeper than that given for an ordinary face treatment. When it was finished, an infra-red lamp was turned on and left for ten minutes in the case of one model, and for nearly twenty minutes in the case of the other.

"Now," said Mrs. Hartley, handing me some surgical spirit and a tissue with which to wipe my hands, "I want you to come and place your fingers on this face"—indicating the older girl—"and see if you feel what I feel." I did as I was asked and, to my surprise, felt what seemed to be little rough granules, rather like granulated sugar. There was no mistaking them, and when I looked closely, I could see them. No doubt whatever, that the acidity and the impurities had been drawn right out of the skin, and brought to the surface by the combination of the "Vapozone" deep massage, and radiant heat.

I then watched while the "granules" were expertly removed with a little pair of tweezers. "Does it hurt?" I asked the girl. "Not a bit," she said, "but even if it did, it would be worth it. My skin was in such a bad state, and now, after only a few treatments, it is looking entirely different." "A veritable case," I said, "of OUT with the old, and ON with the new." Mrs. Hartley looked pleased. "You couldn't have given a more apt description of this treatment," she said, "for that is just exactly what it is."

Before leaving, I asked Mrs. Hartley about her cold wax, which I had heard was proving so successful. "I use both hot and cold for removing superfluous hair," she said, "and clients can have whichever they prefer of the two. But from my experience in this salon, the cold has a more lasting effect. As evidence for this, a girl was called in who had hair removed from both arms, by the two different methods. 'I found,' she told me, 'that it took very much longer for the hair to re-grow on the arm that had been done with the cold, than on the other arm which was treated with the hot.'"

Mrs. Hartley told me that, apart from this more lasting effect, many people like the cold wax better, because it is less messy, and much easier to apply. Moreover it can be recommended for the most sensitive skins.

This delightful, but on that account by no means expensive "Stratton" set of accessories comes from Woollands. It comprises a pillbox, 8s. 6d.; comb, 12s. 9d.; lipstick case with fan-shaped mirror, 19s. 3d.; round compact, £1 13s. 9d.; and oblong compact, £1 8s. 6d. The articles have a gold coronet design on turquoise, pink, white or black background. All may be bought separately



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Bradleys jacket of natural beaver

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Helena Rubinstein

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The TATLER and Bystander,
OCTOBER 10, 1956

Roberts—Sim. Mr. John William Roberts, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roberts, of Barrow Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, recently married Miss Janet Margaret Sim, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sim, of Mandinam, High Pine Close, Weybridge, Surrey, at St. Charles' Roman Catholic Church, Weybridge, Surrey

THEY WERE MARRIED



Taylor—Hughes. The marriage took place at Caxton Hall followed by a church service at St. Simon Zelotes of Mr. Francis Taylor, son of Mr. Francis Taylor, sen., and of the late Mrs. Taylor, of Blackpool, Lancashire, and Miss Christine Enid Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes, of Burgess Hill



Russell Flint—Sumner. The wedding took place in Kensington recently of Mr. Francis Russell Flint, only son of Sir William and Lady Russell Flint, of Peel Cottage, Peel Street, London, W.8, and Miss Susan Sumner, daughter of Capt. C. G. G. Sumner, and the late Mrs. Sumner, of Northam, North Devon



Franks—Reid. The marriage took place recently between Mr. Peter William Franks, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Franks, of Sidcup, Kent, and Miss Griselda Helen (Sally) Reid, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reid, of Westgate House, Dedham, Essex, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Dedham, Essex



Hallas—Roddam. Mr. Max Hallas, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hallas, of Tound Farm House, Ember Lane, Esher, Surrey, was recently married to Miss Sheila Hazel Roddam, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roddam, of Heathside, Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey, at All Saints' Church, Weston Green

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pullovers and waistcoats

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Sporting

event

by **Holyrood**



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THE BRITISH AUTOMOBILE RACING CLUB held their twenty-fourth Members' Meeting at Goodwood recently. Four such meetings for members are held each season giving them the opportunity to race their own cars. Above: The line up for the last event of the season shows the great variety of sports cars entered. The meeting took place in perfect weather and conditions

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

IN PRAISE OF THE TURBINE CAR



HIGH praise will be accorded the Rover company for the progress they have made with the turbine-engined motor car. Those who like to see British industry healthy and competitive are pleased and those who enjoy the excitements induced by the struggle for technical advance are gratified too. The important thing about the T 3 saloon is that it is a step towards an engine-chassis-coachwork integration.

We must not forget—as some daily papers seemed to do—that the Rover company is by no means the only company that has been seeking to develop a satisfactory turbine-engined car. The Fiat company, for instance, were running their turbine car at the Lingotto track a year and a half ago. Renault's turbine car, using a Turboméca power unit, has done many miles on the Montlhéry track. Boeing have run lorries driven by turbines for thousands of miles in the United States. Austin have been working on a Princess fitted with a turbine. And that great innovator Grégoire showed a practical turbine car in Paris four years ago (if I remember the date correctly).

Rover, therefore, are not the only people in this field. But they were the first and now they show signs of leading in the race to the practical production vehicle. The T 3 heat exchanger, for instance, is an advance upon previous components, and the eventual success of the turbine car will depend largely upon the heat exchanger.

LIKE, also, the four-wheel drive. With the torque available from a gas turbine four-wheel drive is logical. But it is also an advantage from other points of view. And we must always remember, as we contemplate the welter of new automatic and semi-automatic transmission systems down for showing at Earl's Court this year, that the turbine car contains its own, simple, intrinsic automatic transmission.

The Rover company's use of plastics in the body of the T 3 may be nothing more than a temporary convenience. Plastics were used by Fiat for their turbo-car and they have advantages in the realization of experimental shapes. But, as I do not recall having mentioned before, plastics experts (I am not competent to judge this point) say that, at the moment, they are better for very small runs than for large scale series production.

Almost every year when the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders holds its eve-of-the-show press conference in its offices on Piccadilly, some newspaper man raises the matter of the catering at Earl's Court. I have heard some vigorously expressed criticisms at these meetings. I have also heard repeated assurances that all possible steps are being taken to improve the facilities, the food and the service.

My own experiences of the catering have not been satisfactory. For example I do not believe that, when a high price is being charged for a meal, the customer should ever be asked to queue simply because he has arrived before some fixed "opening time." Put the price up higher if necessary; but let there be one place at Earl's Court where a meal may be obtained under civilized conditions. Queuing is an uncivilized procedure.

We can all sympathize with the caterers on these occasions because

Parliament has spent so much time and so much of the nation's money in devising legal means for preventing innkeepers and *restaurateurs* from offering good food and service. To run a restaurant with standards of food and service as high as is the normal thing in Paris or New York, it is necessary to spend much time manoeuvring round the law.

Nevertheless there are many visitors from abroad at Earl's Court and a concerted effort to prevent them from being made too miserable when they are here is desirable.

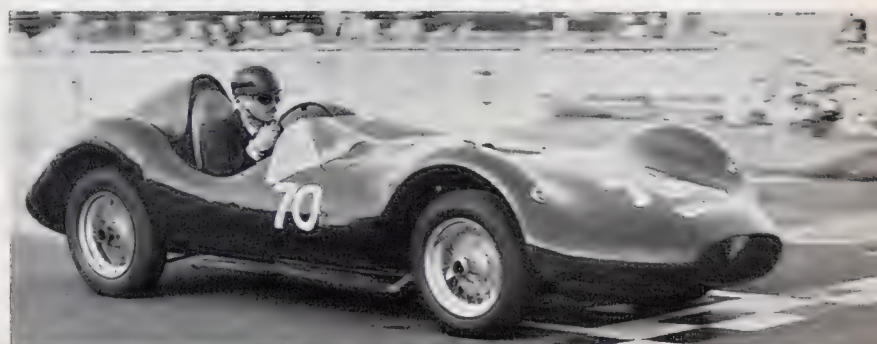
THE new Singer, announced by Sir William Rootes, costs, in saloon form, under £900 inclusive of purchase tax, and under £1,000 in convertible form. For a car with 1½ litre overhead camshaft engine four-speed gearbox and all the trimmings, these are low prices. It will be, I think, upon the value offered that the new Singer Gazelle will make its chief appeal.

But performance should be brisk, for the engine develops over 52 brake horse power and the all-up weight is not high. Singer Motors now come within the Rootes Group and I am hoping that with this powerful backing we shall see that historic name retaining its high position.

Many people will sympathize with the views expressed by Lord Cherwell about the proposed road in Oxford. Although I repeatedly drive past Oxford I only enter the city itself about a dozen times a year. Perhaps it is luck, but I have never found the congestion serious. I could name a score of cities where the congestion is far worse. The case for destroying the beauties of even a small part of Oxford is not, in my view, established.

But Lord Cherwell's surprise that a minister should flout local opinion cannot be shared by those who followed the Gatwick controversy or the controversy about the atomic station in Essex. Local opinion is repeatedly flouted on these occasions; and the public inquiries that are held are simply a means of allowing those who protest to (as a government spokesman put it) "let off steam" and to spend their funds on legal and other advisers.

I hope that the planned new road in Oxford will not be built. I do not believe it is necessary. I do not believe that any traffic requirement should be allowed to destroy one of the few remaining beautiful cities.



AT THE B.A.R.C. Members' Meeting, R. C. G. Ashby crosses the finishing line to win Event No. 8 with a fine spurt; he is driving a Leco M.G. 1467 c.c.

Desmond O'Neill

I prefer Brandy ... with **CANADA DRY**

There's a world of difference between "Brandy and Ginger" and "Brandy and Canada Dry". For Canada Dry is a very special Ginger Ale with a very special taste — not too dry, not too sweet. Just the fresh, invigorating taste of golden Jamaica ginger, extracted by the unique "liquid ginger" process. Canada Dry blends perfectly with any spirit and flatters its flavour, Canada Dry stays fresh and full of life — thanks to PIN-POINT CARBONATION. Next time you order a Gin and Ginger, remember the Ginger Ale is the important 2/3rds of the drink. A good Brandy deserves Canada Dry — so speak right up and ASK FOR IT!

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The Champagne
of
Ginger
Ales!



Van Hallan
CHEF FRANK BLACKLEY and the manager, Horace Grady, assisting Mr. Charles Edgar (centre), the authority on good food, to choose a steak at the grill of the George and Vulture, George Yard, Lombard St.

DINING OUT

The big taste

ONCE again we have had the great experience of another mammoth wine tasting, organized by Mr. Guy Prince in the cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue at London Bridge. I am quite certain that even Cecil B. de Mille, to all of whose productions could be applied the words "super-colossal," would, on his first entry into these tremendous cellars, lit by countless thousands of candles, stand spell-bound in admiration.

To give one some idea of the extent of this tasting, there were nearly two hundred of the finest wines of France available, the first being three *vins ordinaires*—Rouge, Rosé and Blanc—excellent value at 6s. 9d. a bottle.

There was a stand devoted to the first growth clarets of 1955 vintage, which vintage has probably caused more interest and discussion among the wine trade than any other for a long time because, due to a shortage of first-class and well-known wines from Bordeaux, some people started buying part of the 1955 vintage months before the grapes had even been gathered, gambling on it being a good year. It is a gamble which has come off because it is now known that the 1955 clarets will be of fine quality. The result, of course, is that the prices are higher than usual.

Another cause of the high price and the demand which there will be for 1955s is that due to the very bad weather early in 1956, it is expected that there will be a shortage in that year, especially from the region of St. Emilion.

THERE was a stand devoted to what must be the most famous white wine in the world—Château Yquem. Eight years were shown, from 1945-1955, with the exception of 1946, 1951 and 1952. The 1951 growth was not of sufficiently high quality to be marketed under the label of Château Yquem, and no wine was made at all at the Château in 1952 because the vines had suffered from disastrous hailstorms in June of that year.

The Marquis Bertrand de Lur-Saluces, the owner of the Château, which has been in his family since 1785, was there in person to discuss at first hand his famous wines. All the Yquems are "bottled" at the Château before they leave as they realize it is a journey of no return.

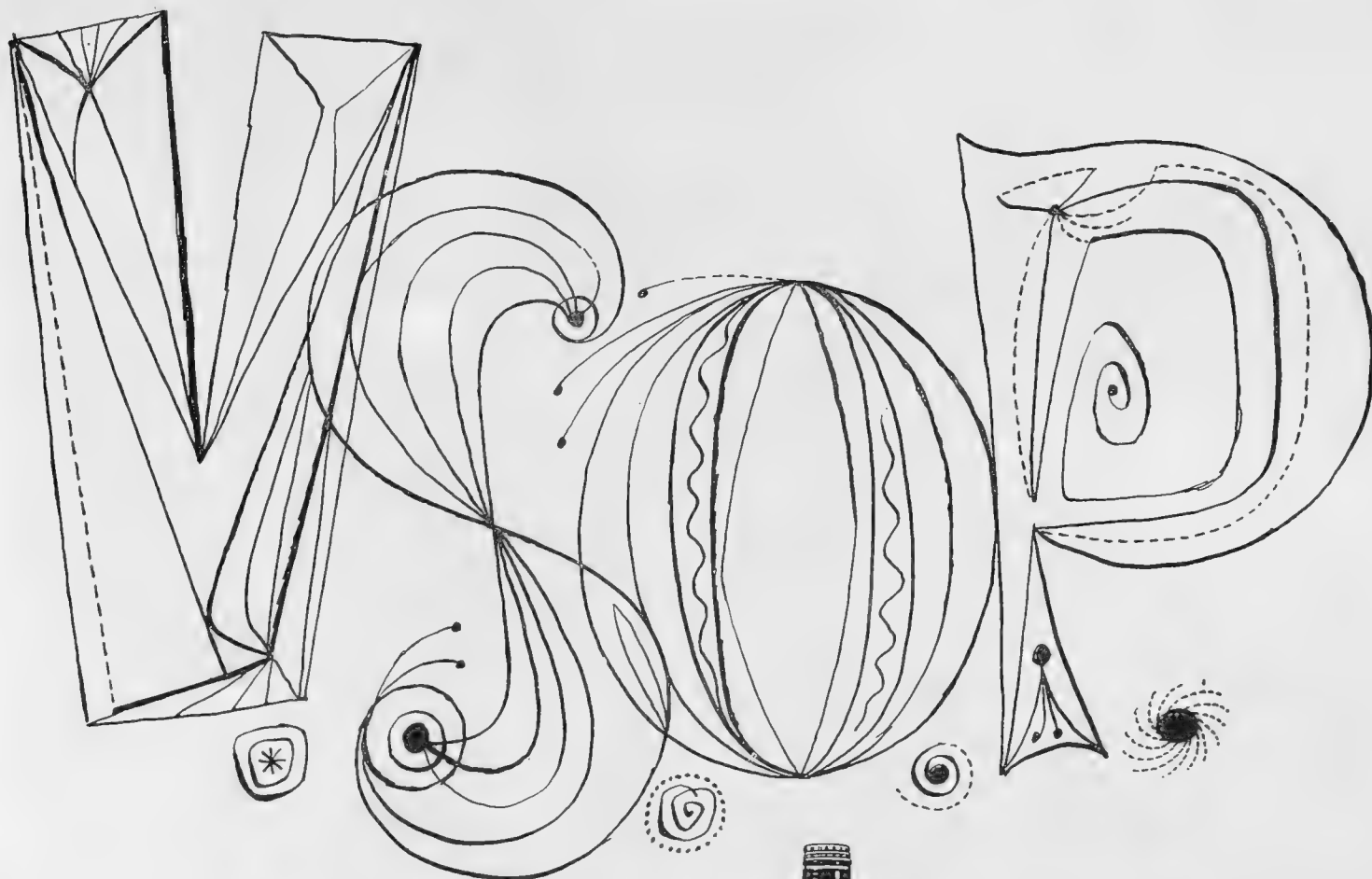
Another stand was devoted to "The Big Four," the first growth clarets—Châteaux Lafite, Latour, Margaux and Haut-Brion—vintages 1952, 1953 and 1955, and one or two others, such as the 1937 Haut-Brion and a 1946 Latour.

Here again some of the owners graced the occasion with their presence, such as Comte Hubert de Beaumont of Latour, M. Pierre Ginestet of Margaux and Mr. Seymour Weller of Haut-Brion.

Among the burgundies was the famous Romanée Conti 1952, 1953, 1954 and 1955, and M. Henri de Villaine, whose family has owned the vineyard of Romanée Conti since 1860, was in attendance.

One of the outstanding features of the Tasting this year was the Ladies' Day, and I am quite sure that this must be the first All Ladies' Tasting ever held. The list of guests who had accepted the invitation was formidable and included the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Elizabeth Allan, Lady Pamela Berry, Nancy Spain, Catherine Boyle, Margery Allingham (the famous author of many novels of detection) and Mrs. John Musgrave-Wood, whose husband, well known as "Emmwood," had done some extremely amusing cartoons in the catalogue of wines which was sent to the guests with their invitations. The theme of these was to suggest tactfully that the ladies on their day should not wear any scent, Mr. Guy Prince being determined that there should not be too much Château Chanel about, as wine is quickly contaminated by any extraneous perfumes.

—I. Bickerstaff



What do these famous letters mean?



NO ONE seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous ★ markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'.

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. *The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a shipper whose stocks are good*

enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

An Invitation to a Memorable Experience

When you are on holiday in France, visit the Hennessy premises in Cognac. There you will learn with your own eyes and palate what V.S.O.P. was originally meant to stand for.

You will see the vast stocks of matured and maturing brandies. You will be able to taste their quality—choosing at random from this hogshead and that: and

you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

HENNESSY

V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

P.S.—Hennessy ★★★ is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.

Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac



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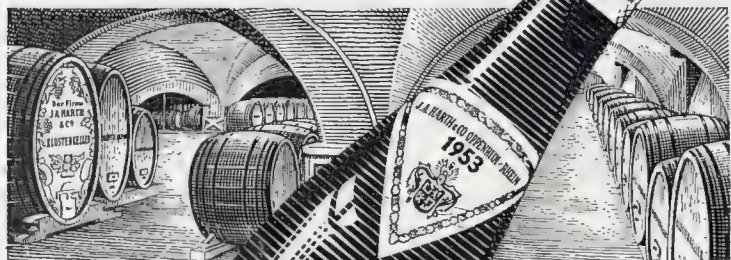
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DINING IN

Puddings in time

IF it seems a little early to make your Christmas pudding, let me reassure beginners in cookery. Many of our grandmothers saw to it that the Christmas pudding for a year hence was made early enough to avoid the onrush which began—as, indeed, it still does—very early in November.

Here is a mixture which will make three to four puddings, depending on the size required. First, get the fruits collected and prepared. If packaged fruit is used, there is no need to wash and dry it, because that has been done for you, but I would certainly wash any dried fruits bought in bulk. Do this some days in advance; then leave to drain and dry. One can also buy packets of mixed fruits, containing all we require for Christmas puddings and cakes, including candied peel, but I like a little more of the latter and, if you, too, like more, by all means add it. The wonderful thing about a Christmas pudding is that it is so accommodating.

For this recipe (an old one in my family), you will require the following fruits: 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. sultanas (some of them chopped to release their delicious flavour), 1 lb. stoned raisins (we always used Valencias), 4 oz. chopped stoned prunes, ½ lb. chopped mixed peel, 2 to 3 peeled, cored and grated apples, 3 oz. chopped sweet almonds, 1 oz. chopped bitter almonds and the grated rind and juice of 1 large or 2 smaller lemons.

Sift together 8 oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger or, instead of these, 1 teaspoon of mixed spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 12 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, ¾ lb. dark brown sugar and ¾ lb. chopped or shredded suet. Mix all these together with the fruits. Add 5 beaten eggs and ¼ pint old ale, brandy, rum or sherry or any of these liquors and water, half and half. The mixture should be moist enough to drop from the spoon when it is lifted up and given a short jerk. If it is not moist enough, add more liquid.

CHRISTMAS or plum pudding needs to be well stirred, so it is a good idea to ask the man of the house to do at least half of this heavy work.

Well butter 3 to 4 pudding basins of 2½ to 2 lb. capacity. Fill each with the mixture. Cover with two thicknesses of greaseproof paper and then tie them with a pudding cloth. Stand on a trivet in a pan of boiling water, reaching half-way up the basins, cover tightly and boil for 5 to 6 hours, replenishing the boiling water as required.

Take the puddings from the cooker and remove the cloths and paper. When cold, cover with other papers and clean cloths. Hang or stand in a dry airy place to let the puddings ripen and improve. On Christmas Day itself, steam or stand the pudding in boiling water for a further 3 hours.

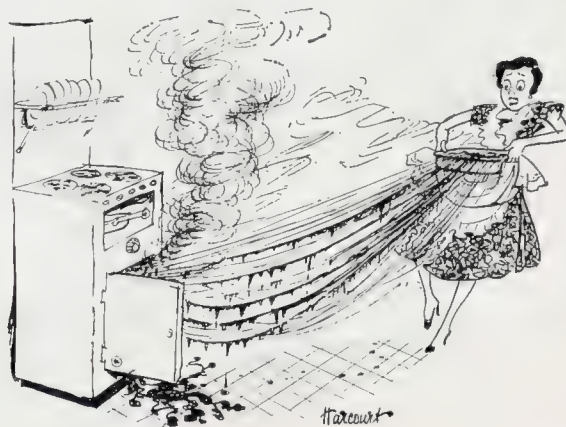
This is, of course, a rich mixture and the puddings are, perhaps, more rich than some folk can "take." So, for them, and especially those who find that egg puddings, cooked over a long period, tend to cause a little discomfort, here is an eggless plum pudding—very inexpensive but very good. But now I am writing a little ahead of time, because this pudding is eaten the day it is made, unlike the richer ones which will wait as long as you wish.

Sift and mix together 1½ cups plain flour, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon each ground cloves, grated nutmeg and ground cinnamon. Add 1 cup finely chopped suet, 1 cup grated raw carrots, 1 cup grated raw potatoes, 1 cup currants, 1 cup raisins, ½ cup chopped mixed peel, the juice of ½ lemon and, finally, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little warm water (enough to mix without making too wet).

Two-thirds fill a well buttered pudding basin with the mixture. Cover as for Christmas pudding, set on a trivet in a pan of boiling water, cover tightly and keep boiling for 3 hours.

For this eggless pudding, wait until Christmas, if you like—but why not give it a preliminary "canter" now?

—Helen Burke



A vintage advertisement for Martell Cordon Bleu brandy. The central focus is a large, detailed bottle of Martell Cordon Bleu brandy, standing on a small set of red and white steps. To the left of the bottle is a stylized, white, egg-shaped cartoon character with a large, smiling mouth, wearing a black tuxedo and a black top hat. The character is holding a small, dark object in its right hand. The background is a dark, stylized city skyline at night, with various buildings and lights. A prominent sign on one of the buildings reads "FOR DRAGONMAN MAKE FRIENDS WITH MARTELL". The sky is dark with small white stars. At the bottom of the advertisement, the word "MARTELL" is written in large, bold, blue capital letters. Below it, "CORDON BLEU" is written in smaller, bold, blue capital letters. At the very bottom, the phrase "The most popular Liqueur Brandy" is written in a cursive script.

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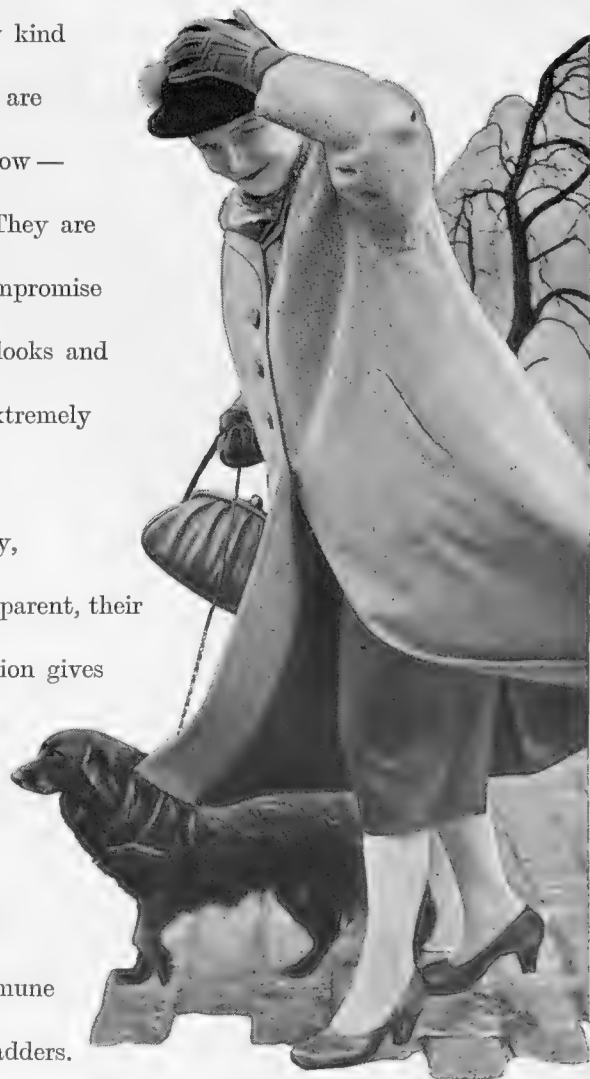
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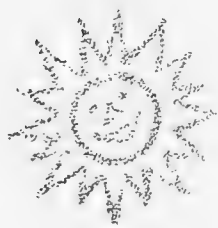
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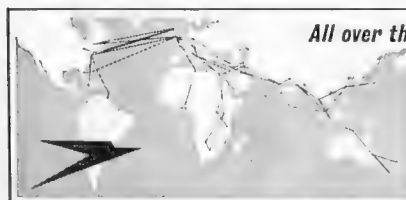
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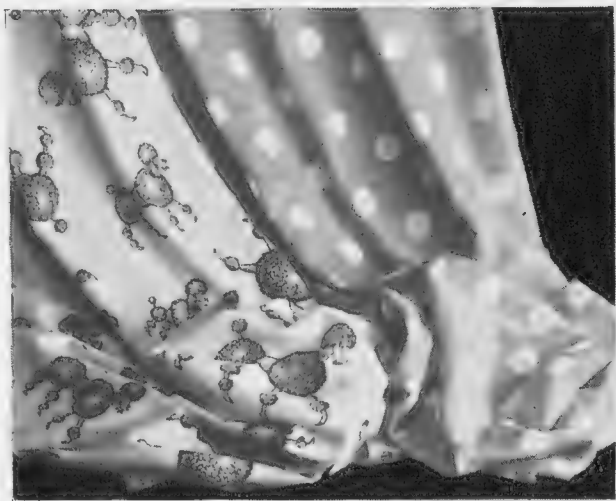
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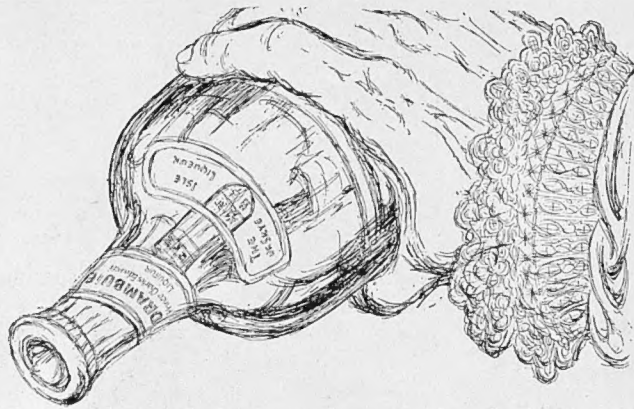


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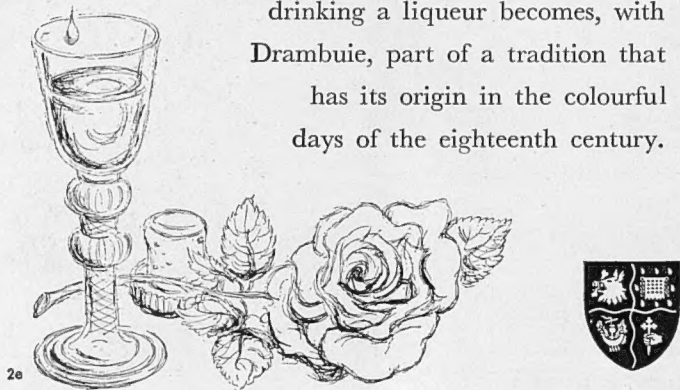


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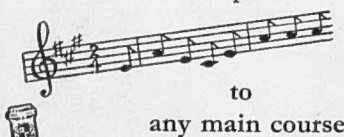
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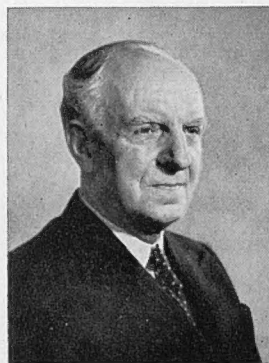
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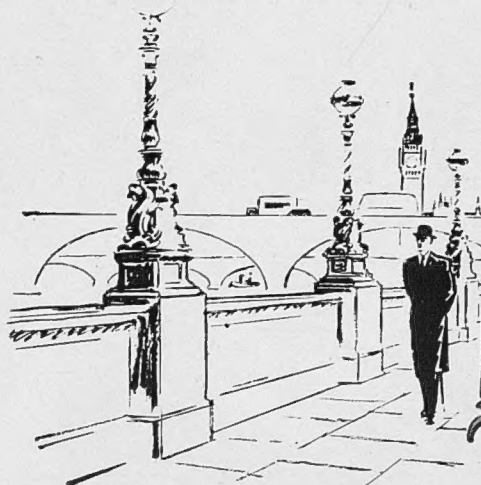
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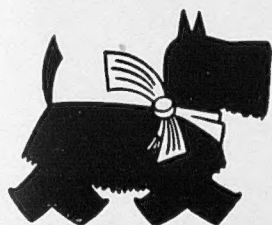
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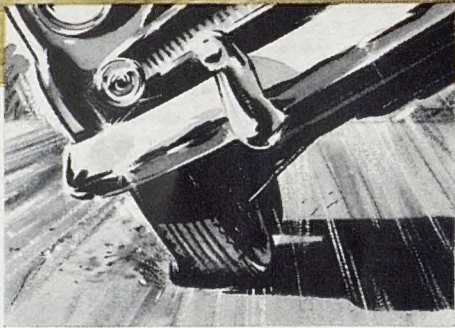
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